

Liberty

APRIL 18, 1942 10¢



RALPH
ILIGAN

BUY

UNITED STATES
DEFENSE

SAVINGS BONDS

**WITH MACARTHUR - A THRILLING
EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT**

WARTIME BASEBALL: WHO'LL WIN? By Bill Cunningham



MAN OF WAR

PETE is a quiet, peace-loving man. Treats his family fine and pays his bills and gets along with his neighbors. Hasn't struck a blow in anger since he was a kid and caught another boy mistreating a dog.

But today Pete is mad clear through. You'd never guess it to see him at home; if anything he's quieter than ever. He isn't the kind to go around gritting his teeth and calling names.

When you see him at work, though—then's when you realize the difference. For there's a deadly precision in the way he goes about his work. He's on the job a little before starting time; he pays more careful attention to what he's doing; he knows what he's building and for whom he's building it. And that's why he's probably the most dangerous, the "fightingest" enemy the Axis powers have.

For it's men like Pete—who feel the way he feels, who are doing what he is doing—who are manning the machines in America's factories today. And they're turning out the deadliest,

most effective array of weapons the world has ever seen.

There are a lot of men like Pete among the 125,000 General Electric employees these days. In their off hours you'll find them acting as air-raid wardens in their communities. You'll find them among the more than 100,000 G-E men and women who, without any fanfare or hurrah-boys, have signed up for U.S. Defense Savings Bonds to the tune of more than \$20,000,000 a year. But most important of all, you'll find them on their job—doing what they know best and giving it the best they've got.

Quiet, peaceable, determined men of war. They're the men who, a few months ago, took pride in building refrigerators, radios, washing machines, and all the other contributions of electricity to peacetime living. Today they're putting their whole heart into the building of grimmer things—so that they and all of us may the sooner pick up the never-ending job of making better things for a better America.

General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

952-8180-211

Have You a Fireside?
 Have You a Boy Like This One?
 Your Heart must be Proud
 You can see Character in the Making.



And We see him a Man who inspires Confidence
 —a Man with a Smile that owes much
 to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HERE IS AMERICA—her hopes and her future. Here is a picture that should warm your heart and make you confident of the years ahead.

Lucky America and lucky young Americans. So much is being done for our children—to assure them of a brighter future—to prepare them to face that future ready, confident and smiling.

Yes, smiling! For even now this youngster has by heart a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still

to learn. In classrooms* all over the land, young Americans are being taught the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a Warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. It may not mean trouble, but let him decide. He may say your gums are sensitive—need more work—the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

*In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.



"Voice of the People"

WE'RE HAPPY TO TAKE A BOW AND COCK AN EAR

McCRACKEN, KAN.—The March 14 issue of Liberty was welcomed as the most pleasing Liberty I have read in eight years.—*Kenneth I. Dick.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Each of us is entitled to credit when a job is well done. Therefore it gives me great pleasure to compliment you on your editorial Just Who Is Uncle Sam? in the March 21 edition of Liberty.—*James J. McGuinness, Corporation Counsel.*

SAGINAW, MICH.—There aren't enough words to express my feeling after reading the editorial Just Who Is Uncle Sam? More editorials like this, and the public will realize how good Uncle Sam really is.—*Edwina Pabalis.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We do wish Liberty would print play reviews for us theater lovers. We're legion. Then Liberty'd be worth a quarter a week.—*Walter Wilson, Dave Lawrence.*

A DATE AND A LADY—IT ALWAYS STARTS SOMETHING

TOLEDO, OHIO—Ted Shane, attention! Ted, who wrote The Tenpins Go to Town (March 14 Liberty): In 1913 A. D., during the March A. B. C. Tournament held here in Toledo, Jimmy Smith stopped over to take part. The press boys lined him up for a match with one of the local gentry (that was me) who wore skirts—we had to; we would have been arrested if we wore anything like the shorts of today.

After two games Jimmy walked off the alleys, after I trounced him, and his partner, Mort Lindsay, had to finish the match. But the lady still finished at the top; and Jimmy failed to make a showing in the tournament the following day.

Ted says, "but the historic case of Jimmy Smith happened in 1927." What was my event—prehistoric? The year 1927 wasn't the beginning of fancy bowling, not by a long shot.—*Lorine Threm.*



SHE SCATS OUR CATS! (OUR CAT EDITOR DOES, TOO)

HORNELL, N. Y.—Tran Mawicke should have done a little research on cats. The story he illustrates in March 14 Liberty says Siamese cats. Mr. Mawicke's cats are poor specimens of the Persian. But I like your common-sense editorials.—*Irene M. Hunt.*

HOLLYWOOD AND HARVARD, MAYBE YOU COULD COLLABORATE

QUINCY, FLA.—For the movie business I suggest they make more pictures of real life covering each state in the Union. Each state would furnish material for years to come and make people much more neighborly after once becoming acquainted. Give the professors in our colleges a chance at stardom by placing microphones in each of the lecture halls.—*C. W. Weckel.*



HERE'S WHAT THE GIRLS LIKE. YOU BOYS WITH THEM?

BENAVIDES, TEX.—Jeepers creepers, Mrs. Herman van Leeuwen (March 14 Vox Pop), don't let the boys in the army hear that you are already tired of war stories! I want more, and I wish the boys were already back telling the real ones.—*Gloria A. Saucedo.*

BRECKENRIDGE, MINN.—I would appreciate it if you would put in a few cowboy stories.—*El' Louise Miller.*

WE GO INTO A HISTORY HUDDLE WITH A FELLOW FAN

ATLANTA, GA.—In Waite Hoyt's Yankees 1903-1942 (February 28 Liberty) he states that Hal Chase was traded to the White Sox while Farrell and Devery were owners, and that the Highlanders did not move into the Polo Grounds until Ruppert and Huston became owners. This means that Hal Chase never played with the Highlanders after they moved to the Polo Grounds in 1915. Now, I am sure

I used to see him play there in 1913, under Frank Chance. If I am wrong, would like to know it.—*John F. Ausland.*

The records of the Baseball Bureau show that Chase was traded June 23, 1913.—*Vox Pop Ed.*

WHAT DOES EVERYBODY THINK: HOT, OR NOT SO HOT?

HUNTSVILLE, TEX.—We 130-odd million nieces and nephews of Uncle Samuel have appropriated to ourselves the designation "Americans," a tag which more or less miffs our good neighbors to the south, who feel that they too are Americans. How about Unicans? Or Usicans? Not so hot?—*Paul C. Smith.*

DENVER, COLO.—Seems to me that our country, at her age, should have a distinctive name for everyday use. Why not a word proposed years ago in Liberty, if my memory serves—Unistatia? "I am a Unistatian!"—*C. M. B.*

PASTE THIS UP OVER THE KITCHEN STOVE

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—Our Secretary of Agriculture says: "Food will win the war and set the peace." The time to start conservation of food is now—not after an item has become scarce. There is only one *painless* way: avoid wastefulness.

Wrong methods of preparation destroy vitamin content of food. Don't underestimate canned goods. Canned and frozen foods often excel raw foods grown in poor soil, picked when not fully ripe, shipped long distances, and used weeks after they are harvested.—*Larry Johnson.*

A BRAND-NEW CONSERVATION CAPER

SAGINAW, MICH.—Razor-blade suggestion: To sharpen, take one half tumbler of water in heavy glass and press double-edge blade in center to fit sides of glass in water and work back and forth. Single blades: put lather on a flat glass and press on blade and rub in circular motion and try blade. You can shave many times with same blade.—*W. Sullivan.*





***"Boy! Am I glad I put
Silvertowns on this baby!"***

AND YOU FELLOWS ought to be glad, too," Tex continued. "It means we won't have to hike home 15 miles from our shift for a year or two anyway."

"Do you figure they'll last for the duration?" asked Jim.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Tex answered. "*Duration* is one thing Silvertowns are famous for!"

Few things are more important to America today than the automobile. Thousands of cars that were used for pleasure driving a few weeks ago are carrying workers to their jobs today. They are truly defense weapons.

What does this mean to you? Just this: as the nation's need for tires and

rubber grows, it becomes more and more necessary that you help America save its rubber. Your tires are part of our country's rubber reserve. If you use them wastefully, you throw away a bit of the rubber our country needs so much.

You know better than anyone else when to use your car, and when not to. You know the simple rules of care that will make your tires last long. Don't be a rubber-waster.

Even Silvertowns won't last forever. It's true that they're made with Duramin, the famous B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young. It's true that you can expect extra miles from Silvertowns. But you'll get even

more if you drive with reasonable care.

Everyone wants to help America today. Saving rubber is one way. And while you may think your part is small, the total amounts to more than a hundred million tires. Keep 'em rolling!

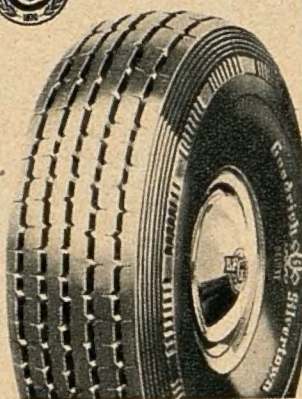
TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silver-town Store is tire information headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.

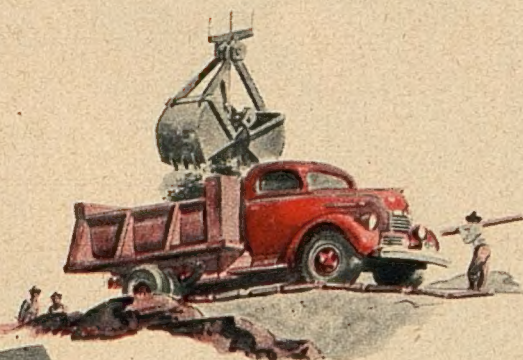
How to make your tires last longer!

1. Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times.
2. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel every 5,000 miles to insure uniform wear on all tires, including spare.
3. Don't take corners at high speed; that wears tires faster than anything else.
4. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

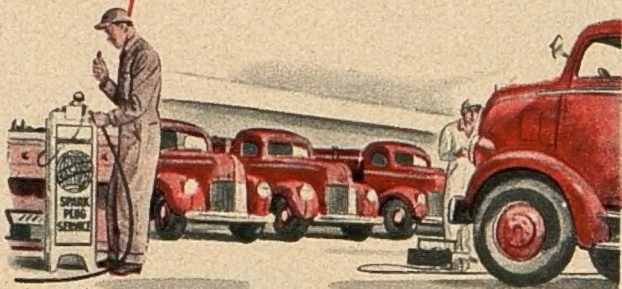


Spark plugs put the kick in an engine, and the men who drive and operate the nation's leading fleets of buses and trucks know this. They know, too, that it's costly to use any but the best. That's why most specify Champions, and a very good reason why you should too.

*More Vital -
More Dependable
than ever!*



Your car is a real family asset, and a useful friend. Treat it as such and it will serve you faithfully and well during this period of war economy. Spark plugs are the heart and pulse of its engine so have them tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace old, worn-out spark plugs with new Champions — the spark plugs champions use.



Operators of fleets also know the importance of maintaining equipment at peak efficiency and regularly inspect, clean and adjust spark plugs. Since the foundation of a national competition among fleets, for economy and efficiency of operation, Champion-equipped fleets have won a big majority of the awards.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

THIS WEEK

April 18, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Let's Stop Passing the Buck

Editorial

When Bombers Come

An interview with James M.

Landis by Walter Karig

With MacArthur

Annalee Whitmore Jacoby

This Man's War

Old Sarge

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Cripps—Britain's Man of the Hour—
Part I

Walter Duranty

Stripes Meet Stars

So You Think You Have Trouble?

Ernest A. Daniels

The Private Life of Fibber McGee
and Molly

Fred Allhoff

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Beautiful Blonde

Rosalie Mellette

Island of the Seven Devils—Part II

Corey Ford

Pretty Nurses Are Dangerous

Winifred Wadell

Without Mercy—Liberty's Short Short

I. A. R. Wylie

SPORTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wartime Baseball: Who'll Win?

Bill Cunningham

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pictures You Ought to See

Howard Barnes

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin ..

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty's Book Tip

Donald Gordon

Crosswords

Just Between Ourselves

The Editors

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HAYDOCK MILLER, SECRETARY; H. A. WISE, GENERAL MAN-
AGER; R. A. FELDON, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; S. O.
SHAPIRO, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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COVER BY RALPH ILIGAN

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and name and address, but we will not be responsible for
any losses of such material.

LIBERTY

NEXT WEEK

April 25, 1942

HITLER'S NO. 1 HEADACHE

Russia's millions have done things to Der Führer, but no one man has defied him so successfully as a Yugoslav named Mihailovitch. From some special European sources of his own, Liberty war corre-



pondent ROBERT Low has obtained some new facts about this most colorful and adventurous figure of the war. They come to you next week in an exciting article.

I'M NO SLACKER"

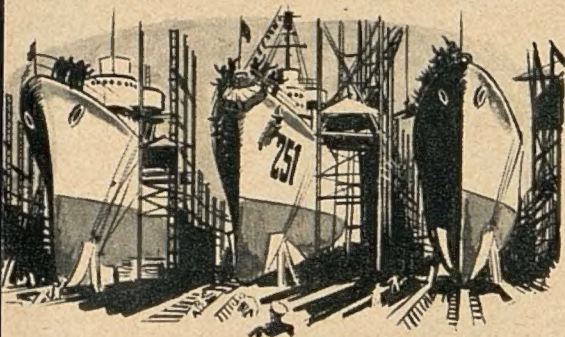
Said baseball's Ted Williams to our sports editor, BILL CUNNINGHAM. And Cunningham reports in detail what Williams told him. Here are the most revealing confidences the young player has given anyone since he found himself the storm center of a nation-wide argument over his place in the draft. He states his case as it hasn't been stated before, leaving it to the public to judge its merits.

WHAT CAN THE NAZIS DO TO THE MIDDLE EAST?

LOWELL THOMAS, veteran traveler and observer of world affairs, ponders the enigma of how successful Germany may be in the spring offensive which may already be under way as you read this.

A LOT TO LEARN

Two young shipyard workers helping build destroyers, a girl, and a bit of



Small-time dirty work come together in a lively, timely tale by GORDON RAMSEY.

AND FREDERICK L. COLLINS gives you an engaging look behind the scenes at what has made Gary Cooper top man in Hollywood this year—winner of the coveted Academy Award. WALTER DURANTY completes his fine study of Sir Stafford Cripps. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN writes of Broadway's new funny men. Stories and features and fun round out a menu we think you'll like.

Identical Twins test and prove...

**PEPSODENT
POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS
BRIGHT**



Jack and Alan, the Sampson Twins, of Norwood Park, Illinois, champion swimmers, tournament golfers, team up in a new contest.



"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track . . . almost any sport for which we can find the time. But when we made the tooth powder test . . . wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent . . . I had chosen another well-known leading brand."



"It wasn't even close! Same ties and shirts, same clothes; but at school, friends knew Jack at a glance . . . because his teeth were *twice as bright*! No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

IT'S A PHOTO-FINISH
TIE...WE'RE BOTH
USING PEPSODENT
NOW!



SAMPSON TWIN TEST CONFIRMS THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST...PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile . . .

use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year.

No April Fooling!

this is the way your car
will feel with **TEXACO Sky Chief**
Gasoline . . .



Your car may not actually sing "tra-la-la" when you fill up with Texaco *Sky Chief* Gasoline, but you will enjoy its smooth flexible power . . . its generous measure of fine performance.

Only the careful refining and blending of fine gasoline stocks can produce a gasoline like this. Smooth, lively, powerful, it is the gasoline *for those who want the best* . . . yet it costs no more than other premium gasolines.

Why not try a tankful of Texaco *Sky Chief* Gasoline today? You'll find it at Texaco Dealers in all 48 States.



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN every Sunday Night.
See your local newspaper for time and station.



GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**



Liberty

APRIL 18, 1942

LET'S STOP PASSING THE BUCK

★ WE Americans like to think of ourselves as good sports. Are we? We like to think we believe in fair play. Do we?

Think it over.

In recent months—up to the time these lines were written—England has been good for a wisecrack and a laugh in almost any American gathering.

Do you remember the jokes about the “masterly British retreats”? Do you remember the one about the British soldier, back in England from the fighting in Libya, or some such place, who failed to salute an officer? The officer bawled the man out.

“But I didn’t recognize your uniform, sir,” explained the enlisted man. “It’s new to me.”

“I,” said the officer proudly, “am a member of the Home Guard. If Hitler comes over here—”

“Yes, sir?”

“If Hitler comes, it’ll be our job to see that you bloody overseas soldiers don’t execute another masterly retreat—and leave England flat.”

Now that is a side-splitting story—if you think it is. It is also an Ally-splitting story, whether you think it is or not. It might very well have been written for American consumption by Mr. Hitler’s ace propagandist, foxy Joe Goebbels—quite possibly it was. If Goebbels could get the United States belittling and sneering at England, and at the same time could get England belittling and mistrusting the United States, he would have accomplished a neat job for the Axis.

If it was his handiwork, he was to some extent successful. He played a quick tune upon the American national mind, which was only slowly awakening to the fact that this was a real war, and everybody’s war, and not just a figment of Mr. Roosevelt’s imagination. Though each of us somehow knew we were in it up to the hilt, there were only a very few of us, at the first, who felt a genuine personal responsibility for the fact that we were in it, as well as for the further fact that we were getting pushed around, and pretty cruelly and effectively pushed around, by the “little” Japs.

So we looked around to see whose fault it was.

We had been poked in the nose at Pearl Harbor. We

placed the fault for that episode at once. We lost Wake and Guam; we lost control of the whole western Pacific. We lost the Philippines, all except the little corner that MacArthur was hanging on to—and in losing all those things we lost something of our self-respect.

That was the perfect time for Hitler’s American agents to remind us about England. It hurt us in our pride to laugh at ourselves; it was comforting to laugh at somebody else. So the ball started rolling. The British—ha-ha! They had retreated from France, hadn’t they? What did it matter that they retreated only after the French and Belgians had left them flat? It was still a retreat, wasn’t it? And what about Libya and Greece, the Malay Peninsula and all the other places? The British—ha-ha!

(Did Joe Goebbels rub his hands in glee when reports of this came to him? Was he successfully driving a wedge between the Americans and the English? What do you think?)

In some minds the British had become a great joke—even while Axis submarines were prowling up and down our Atlantic coast and destroying vessels by the dozen. We sort of tried to forget about those submarines. We sort of tried to forget about the Japanese submarine that actually shelled the California coast. It was more fun to criticize England for losing Singapore . . .

Now it is time to come awake. It is time to stop passing the buck. It is time to stop blaming somebody else when we ought to be booting the seat of our own pants.

It is time to remember that England has been taking it, and taking it with the utmost bravery, for almost three terrible years. It is time to remember that England is still fighting—hard.

It is time to remember that England, Scotland, and Wales together are only as large as the two States of Idaho and Connecticut—only one third as large as the State of Texas. Think that over for a minute. Then add the fact that England, Scotland, and Wales together have four million less population than the six states of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Ohio, and New Jersey. Think that over too.

Perhaps some among us should feel a little ashamed.

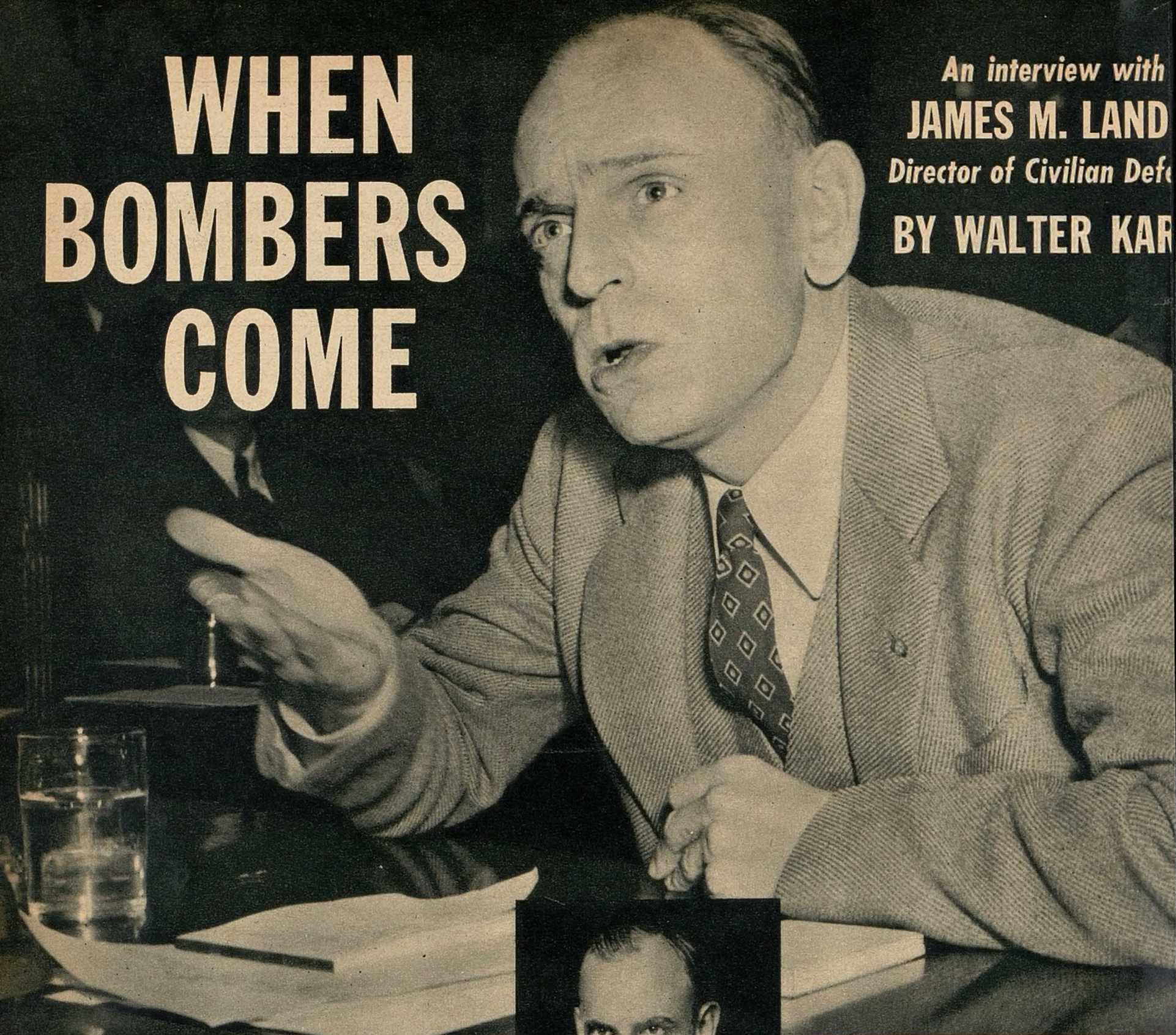
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SHEPPARD BUTLER, EXECUTIVE EDITOR • GERALD MYGATT, EDITOR • ALFRED STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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Current Events, MORRIS MARKEY • Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Books, DONALD GORDON

WHEN BOMBERS COME

An interview with
JAMES M. LANDIS
Director of Civilian Defense
BY WALTER KAR



PHOTOS © HARR

For you! . . . The man on the job reveals his plans and what they mean to every American



Above: OCD Director Jim Landis talking plain United States to a Congressional committee at a hearing on the promotion of civilian morale.

Left: As he looked in 1937, when he gave up the SEC chairmanship and became dean of Harvard Law School. He was thirty-eight.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ "HOW can I keep from being killed or hurt in an air raid?" That is the question in every person's mind. It is OCD's job to find the answers. I think we have them."

James M. Landis, new Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, mashed the stub of his cigarette in an ash tray and rose abruptly from his desk to take a few quick strides around the room. He is a man of unlimited energy to whom sitting down for any length of time is unnatural.

"I say 'answers' because the precautions must vary from community to community," he continued. "That is why OCD must be—and is being—

organized as a national system of interlocking *neighborhoods*. Every city, town, and village in the country is composed of neighborhoods; every neighborhood is made up of families and individuals—you, I, the folks next door. It is up to us to organize our neighborhoods under competent leadership. The neighborhoods are organized by zones, zones by groups, groups by cities and counties, and so on to the states which are grouped in regions which are co-ordinated in OCD.

"All together we constitute a whole line of national defense, the 'home front,' the real objective of the enemy. In an air raid, some bombers are going to get by the first three lines, the

navy, the air force, and the army. Then the enemy is up against the fourth and final line—the civilian body. When that happens, some of us will be killed, more of us will be hurt. But if we are well trained and organized, then those casualties can be reduced by 90 per cent. By being well organized we defeat the invader's prime purpose of destroying morale and his whole effort becomes a wastefully extravagant disaster he will not often repeat. And what is 'morale' but nerve, courage, self-respect, and self-confidence, the ability to work as a team under any circumstances?

"That's the job the Office of Civilian Defense must do. It must organize and train and inspire the civilian popula-

tion of the United States to become a defensive force. That entails many more things than just being prepared to take adequate shelter during a raid or to extinguish fire bombs expertly. I think, however, that every one realizes there are no noncombatants in the kind of war the Axis wages. Every cottage, mansion, apartment, farmhouse, and furnished hall bedroom is a military objective.

"If OCD is to do its job, then it is very important that we limit its efforts to the major matters. The simple things that *must* be done to train the American people against all-out war—and to train them to participate in all-out war, for that matter—will be the major concern of OCD."

The new boss of OCD was telling me in his office on the tenth floor of his headquarters on DuPont Circle in Washington. The great triangular building used to be the DuPont Circle Apartment Hotel. Every one of the hundreds of rooms was humming with the business of reorganizing OCD without interrupting its prime job. Landis had just come down from Cambridge and the deanship of Harvard Law School to bring order into—and public respect back to—OCD.

He is a wiry, active man in his forty-third year. He habitually wears a frown which he suddenly erases with a broad infectious grin. He graduated from Princeton in 1921, took his law degree at Harvard three years later, his doctorate in 1925. Associate Supreme Court Justice Brandeis chose him to be his clerk, top honor to which any fledgling lawyer could aspire, and then he went back to Harvard to teach law and legislation until 1934, when President Roosevelt drafted him for service with the Federal Trade Commission, then with the newly established Securities and Exchange Commission, which was formed to drive the wolves from Wall Street. He was chairman of SEC in 1937 when he returned to Harvard as dean of its law school.

We all know what a hash OCD was in when the President again summoned him to Washington in February and made him boss of the nation's "fourth line of defense." Owing to overzealousness on the parts of some

of those concerned in it, mistakes—some serious, some silly—had been made in OCD which ax-grinding politicians were quick to overemphasize. With energy, diplomacy, and a penetrating realism, Landis cleaned house. The payroll was pruned, fancy titles and supernumerary subdivisions abolished. OCD went to work on "the simple things that must be done."

And what are those things?

"No matter how well we are organized, people will be killed in air raids and property will be destroyed," Landis continued. "By proper, efficient organization we can cut the potential casualty rate by 90 per cent and keep morale up to perfection. Lack of organization and co-operation means people unnecessarily killed and panic which helps the enemy more than his bombs in weakening resistance and industrial production.

"That sort of organization means a veritable army of air-raid wardens, fire wardens, trained first-aid workers. But no matter how well trained they are, how zealous they are in maintaining their own organization and morale during the long, long intervals of safety, the efficiency with which we reduce enemy action to the minimum depends upon the people as a whole. Everybody must know what to do when an air raid comes. It boils down to preventing panic."

"How are you going to make the people realize that preparation for air raids is of vital importance to themselves and to the nation?" I asked. "How are you going to keep the volunteers who have trained to be wardens and first-aid workers maintaining their enthusiasm and esprit de corps during months of inactivity? I have heard it said by responsible, highly intelligent persons that we will have no OCD worth mentioning until men and women are paid for 'wardening.' What do you think about that? What about the arguments that the army ought to run OCD?"

Landis took the barrage of questions without batting an eye. "Maintaining public interest is not going to be easy, I suppose," he said, "unless the people realize that the enemy hopes to lull them into carelessness. If the public relapses into the 'it-can't-happen-

here' state of self-hypnotism, that will be the utmost co-operation with Hitler and Hirohito.

"On the other hand, a constant state of tense alertness and apprehension is just as much aid and comfort to the enemy. We *must* maintain our normal way of life as far as possible. The few simple rules for air-raid precautions don't interfere in the least with the normal routine of life. Learn the safest place from bombs that is available, go there quietly if a raid comes, and stay until it is over. That's the gist of it.

"I still believe civilian defense should be manned on a volunteer basis. I don't believe the thousands upon thousands of men and women who volunteered for warden duty and have taken the training are going to lose interest through inactivity. If they were so flimsy, they would not have come forward in the first place.

"They should hold drills and exercises to keep themselves in real fighting trim. Presently they will be given equipment. Remember that it takes time to estimate the equipment needs, to submit the estimates to Congress, and for Congress to make the appropriation. That has been done. It takes more time to translate the money Congress appropriates into material things. That is being done now, faster than most persons appreciate.

"Of course it is manifestly impossible to have a twenty-four-hours-a-day nation-wide staff of salaried wardens, billeting officers, first-aid corps, and special policemen. And to have a mixture of paid persons and volunteers just doesn't work out.

"Each volunteer in civilian defense work should envision himself—or herself—as one link in a network of fundamental national defense covering the entire country. Civilian defense is one of the 'up-from-the-grass-roots' efforts which are the worth-while way of doing anything on a national scale. The whole organization must have as its foundation stones the small neighborhoods. We Americans are organized from the bottom up. We did not create this nation of ours by dumbly taking orders from the top.

"Of course there must be some sort
(Continued on page 55)

David Shapiro instructs New York wardens.



Wardens put first-aid precepts into practice.



Sector Warden Foster gives a talk to a group.



BEAUTIFUL BLONDE

She was a menace, but strangely,
as things turned out, when two
men fought it wasn't over her!





one wore a mask! It
too late to turn back.
e was a burst of howls.

BY ROSALIE MELLETTE

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

★ THIS happened last winter, and of course ordinarily when the snow is gone and your skis are put away and that dreamy feeling of spring comes over you, you hardly remember the past. But this year the memory of what happened keeps coming back, and I can see it all as plain . . .

"The line forms to the right—don't let me detain you," I said when the beautiful blonde stepped out of the sports hut and struck a pose at the top of our slope.

Those were the last words I spoke for some time. How I got them out I'll never know, unless it was instinct warning me to do something about Roger Daniels, who had frozen in his tracks halfway up the slope. Because of course I was speaking to Roger, he being the one my instinct works on,

and of course I got no answer. He was out on his feet.

So was every one else for that matter. Doris and Penny and I were standing near the foot of the slope. We had been having a very hilarious time, but now we were just standing. Hank and Junior, the ones Doris and Penny worry about, were hanging onto the bush they use for an emergency brake. If they were breathing, it was not visible to the naked eye. The first-year prep-school kids, known as the Class Bs, had also stopped breathing and were draped about the landscape in attitudes denoting a complete blackout of their mental faculties. It was the perfect set-up, and the wonder girl knew it. She was knocking us dead, and she loved it.

She was dressed from head to foot in a woolly white ski suit. Even her boots were white. There was a bright red sash around her middle, and little red jingle bells around the edges of her socks. We had never seen such socks before. Her hair was the real gold color that can't be faked, and it rippled out from under her tricky little cap in smooth shining waves. She leaned gracefully against her skis until we had seen just how it was done, then she lifted her chin and gazed away into the distance as though she were waiting for the man with a camera. It was almost more than flesh and blood could bear.

"There ought to be a law," Penny said.

I didn't say anything because I was watching Roger Daniels. He had finally gotten his mouth shut and was

showing signs of what passes with him as mental effort. That was bad, for when Roger begins to think, something silly begins to happen. Before he could get started, however, the blonde turned to him and said in a voice dripping with moonlight and roses, "I may use your slope, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I thought Roger Daniels was going to faint. He gulped and gulped and waggled his chin up and down but no sound came forth.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" Doris quipped.

There was a slight titter at this, but Roger didn't hear it. He pulled off his cap, staggered toward the vision, and said in the most terrible senior French that has ever been heard, "*Mais oui, madumuzelle, mais oui.*"

This was funny to the others but tragic to me. And it was still worse when he collapsed to a kneeling position so the dream girl wouldn't have to bend over to adjust her skis. There was nothing I could do about it, however, except hold the thought that she would fall down and scramble her beautiful features. But I soon saw my mistake. She wasn't just good. She was sensational.

Our slope isn't very steep; we wouldn't be using it if it were. But it was steep enough for us to see she had everything we didn't have, and in spite of ourselves we gooped in awe as she whizzed by us. We expected to see her make one of those wonderful turns and come to a stop in a fountain of snow. But she didn't make a turn or even come to a stop. Our slope drifts down to the golf course, and the

course drifts down to the boulevard. When Madumuzelle came to the course, she just kept right on going, rounded the bend, and disappeared behind a grove of spruce trees.

Talk about building up to a terrible let-down! It was nothing less than a stroke of genius, and no one knew it better than my colleagues and I.

"Let's get away from here before she comes back with a friend," Doris said, picking up her skis and starting up the hill.

This was the only thing to do, as we were just so much moving scenery to the slaphappy yokels who were now in the last stages of coma. Hank and Junior were still hanging onto their bush, and they didn't seem to know who Doris and Penny were. Roger Daniels was still glued to the spot where the blonde had left him, and he was staring out over the course as though he were waiting for the last trumpet.

I have no illusions concerning Roger, as I know from bitter experience that he has no sales resistance to beautiful strangers of the opposite sex. However, my intentions toward him are serious, and it has become my life's work to try to bring him to his senses from time to time. I realize it would be much more ideal if he tried to bring me to my senses, but it always works out the other way, and that's why I have to be subtle about it. There is nothing glamorous about a woman who is forever striving to reform a man.

Keeping this in mind, I stopped at the top of the slope and pointed to where the blonde had stood. "They're going to put up a tablet," I said.

He didn't flicker.

I moved a step nearer and said, "A watched pot never boils."

"I prefer to be alone—if you know what I mean," he said.

"*Mais oui, monsoor, mais oui,*" I parlez-voused, imitating his accent as best I could.

★ HIS ears got red, and Roger Daniels is one of those thin-faced people whose sound detectors were never made to blush unseen. "You're definitely unfunny," he said.

"That's where I'm different from you," I quipped.

For a moment I thought he was going to strike me. He can't bear to be laughed at, it crushes him, but he generally tries to give the opposite impression.

Being one of those women who leave no stone unturned, I said he could have hot chocolate with me if he felt able to co-ordinate as far as the hut. "I have forty-five cents in real money," I added, to make it plainer.

"You fail to interest me," he said, moving his head as if I was no longer in his range of vision.

When Roger Daniels refuses free food the panic is on, and realizing that the situation was well out of hand, I walked over to where Doris and Penny were waiting for me.

To complete the panic, they had

been putting a lot of twos together and had come to the conclusion that the mysterious blonde was none other than our old kindergarten pal Mary Ann Franklin, who had been at school in Switzerland for the last eight years. Doris said the hair and features were practically the same, and Penny said her mother mentioned something about the Franklins' granddaughter coming home.

Well, nobody had to tell us what this meant! A visiting fire lady is one thing; a permanent menace is another, in spades. Unless we could defend ourselves, we were facing social oblivion with a capital O. There was no use trying to compete with the menace in her own sphere. She had an eight-year start on us in skiing and, if the jingle-bell suit was any criterion, her clothes were out of the world, while we were still hampered by the sensible little numbers our mothers bought in the growing-girl department. As we trudged on through the snow we tried to solve the problem, but our efforts were pitiable, and we finally decided to deadpan the thing out until we could invent some way to save ourselves. Though before parting for the night we agreed it would be wise to appear on the slope the next day, just to make certain the glamour girl was still haunting us.

Needless to say, she was. Yesterday's exhibition had been nothing more than the spade work. This was the harvest. The yokels had gathered from far and near, and without ex-

ception were now engaged in the manly pursuit of knocking themselves out in order to attract attention. They were wasting their time for the present, however, because Beautiful was concentrating on Roger Daniels.

They were standing at the top of the slope, and she was trying to persuade him to slide down with her. This interested me strangely, as Roger does all his skiing on the straight-away. He says it's a scientific fact that a person's ability to look down from a height is controlled by the fluid of the inner ear, and that while his ear works fine on low ground, he sees spots before the eye when he gets too far above sea level. Instead of remembering all this now, he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and halfway down, his right ski veered off to the southwest. I held my breath, hoping for the worst, but Gorgeous fooled me. She let go his hand, grabbed his arm, and when they got to the bottom, while she was still holding him up, she said in that rose-petal voice, "You kept me from falling, you big strong man, you."

That was corn ripened on the stalk, but Superman Daniels didn't think so. Beaming as though he had just received money from home, he puffed out his silly chest and bleated, "Aw, it wasn't anything. I just happen to have a perfect sense of balance, that's all."

I sizzled when I thought of the years of finesse I had wasted on the beetle, but I didn't let it show on my face,



"And what, madame, makes you think I had my ear at the keyhole?"

and to prove that I was civilized I joined Doris and Penny in greeting Mary Ann.

She received us in the manner of royalty taking note of the members of a girl's hockey team, and broad-shouldered us right to our faces. Speaking from a position somewhere in the stratosphere, she invited us to a masquerade party her grandparents were to give for her the next Tuesday night. It seems the ancestors were doing it the big way, and we were free to go down to the Arcade and choose any costume we liked. Mary Ann had already chosen hers, but there were many lovely ones left, she said. Roger Daniels had been standing beside her during all this, and when the audience was over he led her away as though he were admiral of the convoy. That was the signal for the other heroes to stampede, and Hank and Junior galloped by without noticing that Doris and Penny were still on earth.

"They want to play big strong man," Doris said.

The more the peasants crowded around, the more Gorgeous pretended to be overcome. It was nauseating.

"She thinks she's a special design," I said.

"That makes it unanimous," Doris said.

"I wish we could cut her down to our size," Penny said.

We had had exactly all we could stand, and the possibilities suggested by this remark were so entrancing that for a moment we were lost in silent wonder. Then sort of an electric current passed between us and we went into conference.

"Masquerades are prehistoric, yet strange things have been known to happen," Doris said.

"Sometimes people can't tell one person from another," I said.

"If the men couldn't tell her from us they wouldn't think she was a special design," Penny said.

★ WE paused and stared at one another.

"Keep talking," Doris said, "we're almost there."

"It would be definitely smart to find out what costume she is going to wear," I said.

"It would be definitely dumb not to," Penny said.

"There is such a thing as playing dumb and acting smart," Doris said.

"You mean really dumb?" Penny said.

"No, I mean really smart," Doris said, "even if it looks dumb to other people."

There was another pause to give the idea a chance to sink in, then the light broke through and it was marvelous.

"We can get Miss Lizzie to make them," I said.

Without more ado we sped down to the Arcade. The costume Mary Ann had chosen proved to be a glorified Pilgrim's outfit in dove gray with a tight basque, full skirt, big lace collar, and a wide-brimmed hat with a snood. The snood was a piece of luck, as it

would hide our hair. We told the man we couldn't make up our minds about our own costumes yet, then we hot-footed it for Miss Lizzie's.

Miss Lizzie was terribly busy and said she didn't see how she could get them ready in time; but we said if she would try, we would do her housework for her, holidays or no holidays. Finally she agreed, and beginning the next morning we pushed plenty of carpet sweepers around. We even cooked dinner one night, but Miss Lizzie's old maid brother hit the ceiling, and we didn't try that again. We were certainly doing it the hard way, but even so, it was just as well to be sheltered from the public gaze, as we had been deserted in a most spectacular fashion. I didn't even glimpse Roger until Monday evening. I was coming home from a long day with the pots and pans, and as I passed the Daniels' house, I saw him standing at the top of their terrace. He had his skis on and he looked very glum. It was part of our program to refrain from baiting the yokels, but I felt it would be foolhardy to overlook one single opportunity for carrying out my life's work.

"How's your perfect sense of balance?" I said, strolling toward him.

★ HE stood there silently a few seconds, then he said, "Kindly go on about your own affairs."

"Your affairs are my affairs when you begin to make a fool of yourself," I said.

"Don't be provincial," he said in a fair imitation of the blonde's dialect.

I hadn't meant to let the thing get personal, but the fake accent did something to me. "I suppose Marianne"—I gave it the French pronunciation—"is just Continental through and through," I said.

"She looks at things in a different light, if that's what you mean," he said.

"She must have been using a magnifying glass when she looked at you," I said.

He threw his head back then and gazed off toward the sunset. "I couldn't expect you to understand a beautiful friendship," he said.

I had an answer for that one all right, but it would have been wasted.

The costumes were ready by Tuesday night, though it was such a near thing we had to go to Miss Lizzie's to dress. The outfits weren't so bad, but we had a skinned-rabbit appearance behind the ears on account of having to push all our hair up under the snoods. Our masks had a lace ruffle down over the nose as the Arcade's masks had, and they helped a little but not too much. When Doris' older brother came to drive us to the party he took one look, and said, "For Pete's sake!"

Then he took another look and said, "I hope you little dames know your own minds, because you look very peculiar to me."

Doris told him that if we wanted another communiqué we would ask for it.

Besides, we knew what we were doing.

We had intended to arrive early, but we were a little bit late, and to make up time we tore off our coats in the hall and sped directly to the rum-pus room. The whole crowd was there, and Mary Ann, looking as though she had just stepped off the cover of a magazine, was the center of it. We had no trouble in recognizing any of them, because not one wore a mask! It was too late to turn back, and as we skidded to a stop just inside the door, there was a moment of dead silence, then a stupendous burst of howls and yowls.

★ FOR one ghastly lifetime we stood there, glued to the floor. Then some despicable creature began to hum Three Blind Mice, and as we turned and scooted for the stairs, another creature—it sounded like Roger Daniels—sang out, "See how they run!"

It was the nadir of our lives up to then, and when we reached the powder room we just stood and stared at one another in utter horror.

"I guess we got our verbs mixed," Doris said finally.

"What d'you mean, guess?" Penny wailed.

I don't come of a long line of determined people for nothing, and I said, "It's never too late to begin again."

"It's late enough for me," Doris said.

It was not the time to start an argument, and in the end we decided to ignore the sabotage and brave the thing out. So after discarding our false faces and clawing our hair out from under the silly snoods, we spiritually braced ourselves and went back to the party. Of course there were plenty of snorts. Our costumes had been slapped together any old way, and we looked like poor relations beside Mary Ann. And of course she lost no time in giving us the business.

"I'm so sorry I forgot to tell you girls about the masks," she cooed as her part of the conga line went by us.

"Oh, don't bother about them," Roger Daniels smirked. "They haven't got good sense yet." He was done up in fake armor that was too big for his skinny frame and he looked like one of the men from Mars.

We had the dignity to stare them down and say nothing. But dignity is cold comfort to people whose careers are lying in ashes.

I didn't have a chance to even talk to Roger, because he wouldn't leave the blonde's side unless he was pushed, and as the evening wore on I became more and more depressed. A condition that was not lightened by the fact that I spent the entire time in the company of the lesser Class Bs. Doris and Penny did too, and while it was bank night to the lesser Bs, it was torture to us. Our futures were very black, and no telling what our final fates would have been had not help arrived from the most unexpected source. It seems that our parents, hoping to reawaken our interest in good clean fun, had engaged a skiing instructor

for us, and when we got back to our homes that night we heard that he was to be on the slope the following afternoon.

Well, skiing instructors are not often equipped with long gray beards, and Stuart Brook was no exception, being practically a Tyrone Power in technicolor. He was one of the college men who were giving exhibitions at the Inn during the holidays, and to say that his arrival caused dancing in the streets is to merely hint at the truth. Doris said she was sorry she had only one set of bones to donate to the cause, and Penny said she hoped Mary Ann wouldn't see him. Doris told her she'd better hope he wouldn't see Mary Ann. But that was not to be. The wonder girl appeared on the slope the next day, and from there on it was the usual.

★ OF course our instructor was paid to spend some time with us, but after Teacher's Pet took over, our lessons consisted of the merry old heave-ho whenever he saw one of us poised on a brink, and if we landed headfirst in a drift it was not news. Realizing that we were not forest fires, we were not too surprised at this turn of events. Besides, Hank and Junior had read the writing on the wall, and Doris and Penny were back in circulation again.

Roger Daniels read the writing too, but it had the opposite effect. He began to do a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He was all gladness and light when his dream girl deigned to notice him, but when she was noticing Stuart Brook, he put on his sulking act and retired to the side lines, where he muttered to himself and made foolish faces. It was slightly awful, and as I hadn't changed my mind about him in spite of the technicolor man, I saw that I would have to make an all-out effort to bring him to his senses.

It was hard to find him alone, as he had taken to wandering off into the woods, but I finally tracked him down in a little glen some distance off the road. He was striding back and forth, beating his hands in the air and making strange groaning noises.

I watched him for a time without his seeing me, then I said, "Is this a private performance or can I buy a ticket?"

He came over to me then, and after gazing at me in a manner that was almost calm, he said in a sad solemn voice, "My poor, poor little friend, I have wrecked your life, haven't I?"

I was so stunned I didn't see the lug was thoroughly insane, and I was about to make a civil answer when he got back into his mood.

"Why—why does everything have to happen to me!" he yelped, beating his hands in the air again.

"This is where I came in," I told him, "but if you'll ask me when I have time to answer, you'll be surprised."

"Skip the smart stuff," he said, bringing his hands down and speaking in a normal tone; "nobody likes a bum loser."

"Have I lost something?" I said.



"Never mind why! Just stay off the Burma Road, that's all!"

BY ED NOZIGER

"What'd you call me?" he queried. "I don't know," I said. "What?" "I gave you the best years of my life."

"Oh," I quipped, "was that what they were?"

This seemed to incense him, and he said, "If you think you're breaking my heart, you are very much mistaken."

"So are you," I said, "because I'm leaving that little chore to the person who makes a specialty of it."

"Meaning whom?" he inquired elegantly.

"Meaning the Madumuzelle from Armintières," I said.

He became very haughty then. "Kindly remember you are speaking of the woman I love," he said.

That was too much. I had been more or less controlling my output, but now I didn't care. "You're ancient history to the woman you love," I said, "and you never were anything except the man in the funny paper. I'm telling you for your own good, because you're such a wack you can't see it for yourself."

He looked at me with a terrible expression on his face. "If you were a man I'd knock you down," he said.

"No, you wouldn't," I said. "It's a well known scientific fact that people with inner ear trouble never knock other people down."

He got white around the lips then. "So far as I'm concerned, you have ceased to exist," he said.

"Vice versa," I said, "if you know what I mean."

Of course I didn't mean it, but I was afraid he did, and I saw that if my grandchildren were not to be cheated out of their rightful grandfather, I would have to change my tactics. I saw also that it was going to take more than words to bring him to his senses. And when I really see a thing I go into action.

A party had been due me for a long time, and though my mother had finally put it off until the next summer, I now began to promote it for immediate production. It was no easy task, and I had to make our home life hideous with one tantrum after another before my father said, "For heaven's sake, let her have it. We may be living in a bomb cellar by next summer." My mother gave him a look and said, "Why do you always weaken at the crucial moment?" But after that it was child's play to get permission to have it at the Inn, where they have a ski jump, and of course I lost no time in getting to the phone to invite Roger Daniels.

He was unenthusiastic in a large way, but I kept bearing down on what a wonderful jumper Stuart Brook was, and after a long pause he said, "I suppose you think I'm afraid to do the things Stuart Brook does."

I said maybe that wasn't the word the Greeks had for it but it would do until another came along. There was another long pause, then he said

something that sounded like, "*Et tu, Brute.*" I told him that time was marching on in Latin, and I don't know how long the next pause was.

The interim between that conversation and the night of the party was spent by me in a daze of anticipation. A daze that became a glow when I heard that Superman was secretly practicing on his galloping barrel staves.

The beginning of the evening was the usual riot. There were lights along the sides of the jump, and the more adventurous amused themselves by sliding down the lower half. After this activity had subsided, Mary Ann took the center of the stage. The jump isn't as high as the ones you see in the newsreels, but Madumuzelle's performance was quite entertaining, even to a prejudiced observer. Then Stuart Brook started his part of the program, and Roger Daniels began to crack. He had been lurking on the side lines in a lost-soul manner, and after Stuart's second leap, he picked up his skis and took his place at the top of the jump. Every eye was on him as he stood there, the picture of a very desperate man. I had stationed myself in the shadows at the bottom of the jump so as to have an exclusive view, and now I held my breath for fear he would back out at the last second. But he didn't, and all of a sudden he was away.

When I say away, I mean away. Of all the wobblings and careenings ever seen, his were the most fantastic. How he ever stayed on the track is still a mystery. But that was nothing to what happened after he sailed off from the place where you leave terra firma. He fell while he was still in the air, if anybody knows what I mean. When he hit the ground it was like one of those scenes in the movies when everything whirls around in a seething mass.

★ AFTER traveling some distance, he came to a stop a few feet from where Mary Ann was standing. He lay in a heap for a minute, then he untwined his arms and legs and struggled to a more or less vertical position.

There hadn't been a sound when he hit the ground, but now the howl went up.

The thing was more perfect than I had ever dreamed it would be; it was just what I had wanted, but all at once I couldn't stand it. I was sorry for him! I was so sorry for him that my blood was boiling. The poor scarecrow pushed back his cap and looked at Mary Ann as though waiting for her to tell him what a big brave man he was. But that heartless creature, the real cause of all his misery, just stood and howled at him. He stared at her as though he couldn't believe his eyes, then he just dropped there, crushed and beaten right down to earth. At this point my blood boiled over, and I started toward the laughing beauty.

I must have muttered something under my breath, for Stuart Brook, who had just come up after his last jump, grabbed my arm. I tried to pull

away, and he jerked me back. That was repeated twice; it hurt my arm and I yelled, "Oh!" Maybe I yelled two or three times, I really don't remember. But I do remember that in that crowded moment when I was on my way to avenge him, Roger Daniels staggered forward to rescue me.

★ WELL! What happened then takes longer to tell than it did to happen. I saw Roger was set for battle, and I saw that it was a case of David and Goliath, without the sling-shot. The only explanation of my next act is that I was born to be the type of woman a man means when he says, "I owe everything to my wife."

I still had my skis in the crook of one arm. As Roger drew his fist back to telegraph his blow, I whirled around, and at the exact second his fist came into contact with Stuart Brook's jaw, I whammed my skis into sharp contact with the back of Stuart Brook's head. Some one threw the big light on us then, and the story that has since become a legend was revealed to the waiting world. There lay Stuart Brook, there stood Roger and I, and there, over to one side, entirely removed from the drama and almost out of the picture, was the beautiful Mary Ann.

As we stood there in the circle of light, Stuart Brook began to stir, and I said maybe we should do something about him.

"Let her do it," Roger said, flicking his hand toward Mary Ann. The way he said "her" was music to my ears. Then, as we started up the hill, he said over his shoulder, "Get busy and rub some snow on his face."

That made it official. So while he certainly has come to his senses in one way, in another way I'm not so sure.

Before we were halfway up the hill he said, "I must have hit that fella an awful crack."

I thought he was joking; it hadn't dawned on me yet that he hadn't seen me hit Stuart, and I said, "You don't know your own strength."

"I guess that's about the size of it," he said, "but anyway I did it all for you, every bit of it."

I still thought he was joking, and I said, "My hero!"

He threw back his shoulders then and began to puff out his chest, and in that instant my lips were sealed forever, because I suddenly understood why women flatter men.

It was an interesting revelation, and it hit me so hard that I fully meant to go for a long walk all alone the next day and think about it. But I didn't have a minute to myself. Not a minute. And here it is spring again, and I still haven't had time to give it that deep kind of thought that really takes time. For I am the woman . . . I am the woman two men fought over, and if anybody thinks that is not the same as finding a million dollars in your shoe, then they can come around to our house and listen to the phone ring. Stuart Brook calls so often he hasn't had time to go back to Dartmouth. He says he is trying to solve the enigma of my personality. It may be that he has discovered the lump is on the back of his head instead of on his chin. I wouldn't know. But I do know that he spends a lot of his time gazing quizzically at me, then saying, "I wonder," under his breath. Acting upon my recently acquired knowledge of how to handle men, I open my eyes very wide in a candid innocent manner and say, "What do you wonder, Brooksie?" That baffles him, but in a few minutes he is gazing at me quizzically again.

Roger Daniels calls me every day too; his school is just on the edge of town. He is still puffing out his chest, and what is going to happen when he puffs it too far and I'm not there to help, heaven only knows. However, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. In the meanwhile it is nice to know that Mary Ann Franklin has been seen having chocolate with a Class B. No one begrudges any one a B, and the thing for her to do is to start at the bottom and work up.

THE END



"It's a new gas, with my wife's perfume as the base. It makes you stop fighting and just love everybody!"

WITH
MACARTHUR
AN EYEWITNESS REPORT

"Constant attack" conveys nothing of the hellishness of shrieking shells, dive-bombing machine-gun fire.

ANNALEE WHITMORE JACOBY

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READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

With USAFFE in the Philippines.

★ GENERAL MacARTHUR'S departure for Australia was a fabulous masterpiece of military secrecy. For two and a half weeks before he went, those most concerned knew he was going—but the spies never found out.

At first our hearts sank at being left behind. Suddenly, it seemed, MacArthur had become a legend. Then the electrifying word came through of what he said at the end of his journey: "A primary purpose of this is the relief of the Philippines. I shall return."

So we are waiting, and war is still here. We have our memories and our lives.

Manila was a bright semicircle of flags as we chugged out into the bay last December 31. Piers blew up behind us, showering sparks on our heads. We zigzagged past a bombed projecting hull and heard a roar of planes in every engine throb as we wished each other an apologetic Happy New Year.

Explosions rattled windows as bridges outside the city were dynamited. We looked out during luncheon at over a million dollars' worth of gasoline going up in one sky-high flame. The Japanese came in behind schedule two days later.

Then, we were "with USAFFE in northern Luzon." It is a matter-of-fact phrase but it means a world turned upside down—a world where a chocolate bar is more unusual than death; where quiet is only a prelude to explosion; where the United States is 8,000 miles away; where Manila, just across the water, is enemy territory.

In his last days here, General MacArthur stopped less often to tell cheering anecdotes. On his shoulders was all the responsibility of keeping a vital American position in the Far East, retaining the Filipinos' confidence, outwitting a superior Japanese force. But his army held.

Some reservists in the front lines were just recalled three weeks before war started. Now they've gone through weeks of constant attack. And constant attack is an empty phrase that conveys nothing of the hellish-

ness of shrieking, blasting shells and shattered bodies, of dive bombing, of strafing machine-gun fire. Those words mean more when you've discovered what just the whistle of shells overhead or the boom of bombs can do to a most durable stomach, or seen how a machine-gun bullet changes a human leg. Back home, these soldiers were clerks or doormen or Harvard Business School graduates. Now they have not taken off their shoes for fifteen days. All night they hope for daylight because of snipers; all day they hope for night so the waves of enemy planes will stop.

Infantry up in the front line lives with thudding antiaircraft fire as Jap observation planes go overhead, with rattling machine-gun fire, with the swooshing express-train sound of shells from their own guns. But they still grin tired, cocky grins and say, "Sure we're holding. We can't hold forever, but you damn well bet we'll hold till help comes and we chase these lice right out into the ocean, and then bomb Tokyo. But help had better come so I can have a bath."

Every war has its own special subdivisions of hell, and first on the list for Bataan is sickening isolation from America. This is war until reinforcements arrive, or to the end, because there can be no Dunkirk here. In this war there's no sending back to the rear for replacements or supplies—this is war without a rear, with Japanese on all sides, long-range guns in all directions, planes overhead everywhere. Ten thousand refugees have poured down from Bataan's mountains. They don't escape bombs and shells—there's nowhere to go.

Everything in this war was on the side of the Japs: man power, training, equipment. They poured in 100,000 experienced men who could even speak Tagalog and English. Lieutenant Jack Rogers has a blood stained map he took from the body of a Jap officer in southern Luzon. It showed a trail natives didn't know. That trail took Rogers through the enemy line and saved his life.

Jap packs have first-aid kits, rations for ten days tied in small woven cases with red ribbons, and the equivalent of an American "canned-heat" can—each is a self-contained quartermaster's corps. The Japanese ten-peso bills must have taken months to engrave. A small army of fifth columnists sprang up in Manila. Shells now falling on Corregidor and Bataan come from a Japanese gun that shoots farther than its American counterpart and was made twenty years later.

But, as I write, the USAFFE under General Wainwright are still holding. New, frightened soldiers are turning into an army. Americans and Filipinos are learning to hide in woods and shoot Jap snipers. Gun crews that fired little before aiming at enemy planes have set a world's record. We went through the championship gun battery of them all. On its range finder thirteen red circles were painted, one for each plane it had downed, and its crew claimed they're just learning—

after that range finder is covered with red Rising Suns, they'll paint on a swastika for each hit. They're under fire, but they keep a puppy for each gun. They've named four guns fondly Cherry, Judy, Betsy, and Littlehell—Judy for Judy Garland, and they hope she'll send them a case of Scotch with the first convoy.

MacArthur's army (we still call it that) is doing miracles with make-shifts: tank mines built from a wooden box, dynamite, a battery, and an auto spring; trucks armor-plated with sheet iron, carrying guns; hand grenades of dynamite and nails inside stalks of bamboo.

Hastily sworn-in civilians are doing a good job of fighting this war. Lieutenant Seaton Foley is only a sample. On Christmas Day he was a mining engineer. That night General Hugh "Pat" Case took him into the Engineer Corps to blow up bridges in the face of the Japanese. New Year's night, "Casey" was amazed to hear Foley's voice on the telephone. "Hello," it said calmly. "I've blasted bridges it'll take two years to build again, but there are four left, and I've lost my men. Think I can do it alone. O. K.?" And he almost did. Twice Japanese reached the far end of a bridge as he was still digging with his hands to get at unfinished charges. After that week of bridge blowing, he was sworn in at Corregidor, and now he patches roads during bombing raids, puts up antennae on steep hillsides, moves guns, invents new weapons, and demands to be sent on guerrilla raids behind the lines.

Filipino soldiers do amazing things. One talked as he lay on an operating table. He'd killed six Japanese—three with his rifle, two with the rifle butt after his ammunition gave out, one with the Jap's own bayonet. His leg was a great angular gangrenous hulk, but he wanted to be patched up quickly because he knew where there were four more Japs and he didn't want any one else to get them.

Even hospitals are hacked out of the jungle. Patients lie in bed, watch Jap bombers passing over, bet on how far away bombs will land. We drove down a brand-new bumpy dirt road to visit Bataan's hospital number two. Headquarters is four bamboo uprights topped by an old bus roof. Bombs shake the tent operating room, but doctors and nurses who have done as many as 420 operations in one night just pause, pat the patient, say "It's O. K., Joe," and go on.

More depressing are little things: the chaplain who, in spite of deaths and bombers overhead, wanted to keep his services beautiful; the soldier who comes up asking if anybody's heard about his wife and baby in Manila. But most pathetic of all was a crumpled body half buried by an exploding bomb. Last entry in the diary his hand still held was: "Five months now since I've seen Mary. Heard aircraft carrier Lexington was off coast and would be in tomorrow. Gosh, I hope it's true."

THE END

CRIPPS-

BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR



Sir Stafford Cripps expressing himself freely in 1939, after the British Labor Party expelled him.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, IN

BY WALTER DURANTY

"Amateur diplomat," they called him . . . Here's how he proved to be the wisest war prophet of our times

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

★ THE world today sees Sir Stafford Cripps as the head of a historic mission to solve the vexed problem of India, but to me he is a major prophet who ranks with Nostradamus and Isaiah. Four months before it happened he called, almost to the week, the date of Hitler's attack upon Russia which stunned Europe with surprise.

It was at the end of February, 1941, and Sir Stafford had just returned

to Moscow from an airplane trip to Istanbul, where he'd been consulting British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and the then Generalissimo Sir John Dill. Right there he broke completely with diplomatic procedure and ambassadorial reticence. He summoned American and British reporters and gave us a frank detailed account of his talks in Istanbul. Of course it was "off the record," but he spoke with such directness and answered questions so freely that the face of his first secretary—a handsome young "career diplomat," scion of one of England's noblest families—was convulsed with pain and dismay.

"For God's sake," he gasped to us afterward, "don't breathe a word of this to any one. How he came to tell you all that—I cannot understand it."

Perhaps the point was simply that Cripps has more sense than most diplomatists. I mean that he's no stuffed shirt and, what's more, is not afraid to trust fellow countrymen and friends with weighty information which may help them as reporters to

give their readers a more true and balanced picture of the course that events are taking and are likely to take. In short, Cripps cuts red tape without the slightest hesitation.

But that is beside the mark. I was speaking of Cripps as a prophet. That interview was over, and just as we were going, Sir Stafford said, "Wait a minute. As you're here, there's something else I'd like to tell you."

The secretary's face had calmed, but at this it again grew tense. Cripps assumed his most legal manner. If you know the English at all, you would place him without doubt as a barrister; it's a type—longish face, high forehead and cheekbones, thin mobile lips, clean-shaven, with cold bright eyes. Cripps said:

"I now wish to give you my calculated opinion that Germany will attack the U. S. S. R. before the end of June."

That, if you like, was a bombshell, and there must have been a full half minute of silence and stupefaction. Remember that at that time there

ere hardly any signs of any rift or difficulty in Russo-German relations. We knew that the Russians had not been overjoyed by the German occupation of Rumania and the north-east of the Black Sea and Bulgaria. Or by the potential threat to Turkey. But they'd found compensations, with German approval, in Bessarabia, Poland, and the Baltic states and, more latterly, in southern Finland.

One of my English colleagues said at last, "Sir Stafford, this is astounding. But why—"

An American cut in: "Please tell us, Mr. Ambassador, what makes you say such a thing."

Cripps never batted an eye. "Because the rate of Soviet industrial progress is so high and is rising so fast that Hitler won't dare to wait beyond the early summer."

That started a free-for-all argument which really gave a better picture of Stafford Cripps than anything could tell you. It wasn't a dignified

ambassador, nor an advocate pleading his case in court enhanced by wig and gown, but a clever nimble-witted man intent upon defending an unpopular and, to most of us, improbable hypothesis. No one agreed with him, and even his blue-blood secretary forgot his aloof poise and joined his voice to the rest. Sir Stafford stuck to his guns, and history proved he was right. But, what's more important, it proved him right on his own premise, on the grounds that he had chosen—that products of Soviet factories were good enough and big enough to enable the Red Army to check and then repel the hitherto "irresistible" Nazis.

That interview was given in a big oblong room at the back of the British Embassy in Moscow, exactly across the river from and facing the Kremlin. The mansion formerly belonged to one of the great sugar barons of Czarist Russia, Haritonenko, who was born a Ukrainian peasant—all names ending in "enko"

are Ukrainian—and became one of the wealthiest men in the world. He must have spent millions on this house, which escaped fire and pillage during the Revolution and was used for several years by the Bolsheviks as their chief "guest house" for distinguished foreign visitors. A fantastic combination of Louis Quinze and Napoleonic reception rooms, bright with gold and alabaster cupids and massive with Gothic carved oak. There was a fireplace in the ambassador's study with an oak canopy which must have weighed five tons. Halfway up the wide staircase, at whose foot stood a huge stuffed bear, was a stained-glass window that a cathedral might envy.

Amid those monstrous splendors Cripps lived like John the Baptist, whose food the Bible tells us was "locusts and wild honey." Sir Stafford, I think, likes honey, but he never takes wine or beer or any form of meat or even caviar, much less vodka or Scotch. His diet is exclusively vegetarian, uncooked vegetables and fruit. It's strange at an embassy banquet, with half a dozen courses and every kind of wine, to see the host munching carrots and other such simple food. I don't know whether he does it for hygiene or as a symbol of moral purpose or just because he likes it. Whatever the answer may be, Sir Stafford is healthy and strong and younger than his years. Of course I need hardly say that his guests have no complaints about the wines he serves them, or the coffee, cigars, and drinks. (Incidentally, Bernard Shaw, who eats the same kind of food, has managed to live and thrive to the age of nearly eighty-six and, like Sir Stafford Cripps, Shaw was one of the very few men—I myself am another and proud of it—who boldly declared last June that Hitler would find the Russians a much tougher nut than any he'd yet tried to crack. Bernard Shaw is an expert on nuts, and although he's often been called one himself, the

BRITISH COMBINE, ISSUED BY CENTRAL PRESS



ing in London last winter after relinquishing his post in Moscow.

Strolling with his wife in the grounds of their home.

old gentleman generally finds that he is the one who laughs last.)

Cripps does not thrust his personal asceticism upon others. The last time I dined at the embassy, several of my colleagues played a mild game of poker with his daughters. There was also a bridge table. Sir Stafford is not a cardplayer, unlike his brother Freddy, who plays first-class bridge and poker. Sir Stafford, I gather, thinks cards are a waste of time.

It was thus that evening as we sat on a sofa in his study before the monumental fireplace—Sir Stafford, myself, and Arthur Cholerton, correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. Cholerton, now in his early forties, is a remarkable person, well on a par with Cripps for mental capacity. He was double first in history at Cambridge and fellow of King's College, which means, of course, tip-top scholarship. He's now, I think, dean of foreign correspondents in Moscow, having worked there since 1926. He's always been a severe critic of the Bolsheviks and their works, but has earned their respect if not their affection. Although personally a close friend of Ambassador Cripps and his family, Cholerton had been loudest in disagreement with Sir Stafford's prophecy of a few days before regarding war with Germany. In fact, as we left the embassy Cholerton said to me, "That's the worst of these amateur diplomats. As a lawyer, Cripps is unrivaled, but why should he think he knows Russia after spending three months in this country?"

In Sir Stafford's study Cholerton resumed his attack. He admitted the historical precedent of Napoleon and the fact that Hitler must realize he now faced a long war against Britain, which would receive increasingly greater amounts of American supplies. This, he said, did lend probability to the idea of Nazi invasion of Russia sooner or later. But why should it come in June, when Hitler appeared committed to a drive on Greece and through Turkey or perhaps an invasion of England?

The ambassador didn't give way. "You underestimate the Russians, as does the rest of the world," he said. "I think that you've lived here too long; you've seen so much of the earlier period of mess and muddle that you fail to appreciate how fast they're now going ahead. I've had some experience with industry and its management—you remember that during the war they brought me back from France to that chemical plant at Queen's Ferry—and I may tell you that I've been surprised by what I've seen here in the industrial field. You, my dear Cholerton, are like an engineer I met in London just after my appointment as ambassador, who said Russians could never run their industry properly or even become good mechanics. I asked him on what did he base this categorical statement, and found that eight years ago he had inspected a new factory at Dnepropetrovsk which was, as he said, 'a muck heap of confusion.' It's the same with most for-



ACME PHOTO

Sidney Webb, a Fabian "guardian angel" of Socialism in England, Cripps' uncle by marriage.

eigners here, your colleagues and mine, too. They cannot understand that every one, even children, learns much in eight years. In a sense the Russians were children, and peasants from the fields cannot and do not become mechanics overnight.

"There's also another point: this country has had to lift itself by its boot straps. Foreign engineers and technicians gave useful aid, but most of them were limited by the skill and courage of their interpreters. What this country lacked was competent Russian teachers. Until the last five years you might say that the blind were leading the blind. But when the change came, five or six years ago, it did come with a vengeance, when for the first time technical and professional schools were staffed and directed by men who knew what they were teaching and how to teach it. That made an enormous difference. You agree with me, Duranty?"

"Of course I do," I said. "And so did Ambassador Davies, who was also relatively a newcomer. I have been here for ages, but in the last few years I've been coming at eight- or nine-month intervals, which allows me to see the change."

Cholerton tugged at his beard but reluctantly admitted there might be something in it.

"Another thing," said Cripps: "So many of my colleagues and yours are influenced by personal considerations. They do not like the Bolsheviks, either for political reasons—I refer to the pact with Germany and Soviet occupation of border states—or because of their revolutionary past and their feared revolutionary future. It's the old story of 'no good thing comes out of Nazareth.' But I tell you they are wrong."

I drew a bow at a venture in Cholerton's direction. "Yes, sir, and something more. All the old-timers here were most adversely affected by the days of the 'purge,' when so many leading Russians with whom they had friendly contacts suffered what seemed to them unmerited disaster."

Cholerton rose to the bait. "You



TOPICAL P

Cripps cheerful in Moscow, leaving the Foreign Office



SOVPHOTO PHOTO

With Stalin and Molotov behind him, Cripps signs the agreement that Britain and Russia shall give each other complete support in the war against Germany.

can't defend the purge!" he cried indignantly.

Sir Stafford intervened. "That is past history," he said. "Let's concern ourselves with the present—and the future," he added slyly.

"All right," Cholerton replied. "What then, sir, makes you believe that Molotov, for instance, or Stalin himself, if you like, has anti-German feelings?"

Sir Stafford was not to be caught. "I never said that," he declared, "nor anything of the kind. I simply expressed my belief that circumstances would compel Hitler to attack the U. S. S. R. before the end of June."

"Does Stalin think so?" said I. "Does Molotov think so?" said Cholerton, both in the same quick breath.

Sir Stafford grinned boyishly. His face in repose is severe, rather like youthful portraits of President Woodrow Wilson, but when he smiles he looks young. "That I can't and won't answer," he said, "although I don't have to tell you two how strenuously the U. S. S. R. has been preparing for war during the past eight years."

"Since Hitler's rise to power," I interjected.

The ambassador took no notice and continued. "It's also significant that most of the new industry—the new war industry—has been located east of Moscow, in the Urals and Siberia."

"What do you think of Stalin?" I asked.

"A farsighted man with unusual tenacity and a much wider and more accurate grasp of foreign affairs and the world situation generally than foreigners believe."

"What of Molotov?" Cholerton asked. "He is said to be pro-German."

The ambassador shook his head. "One thing you must understand, not only about Stalin or Molotov but about all the Russian leaders: they are first and last pro-Russian. Just that and nothing else. Both of you must admit that the policy of this country, or any other country, is dictated by its own essential interests. As Stalin has always said, the first interest of Soviet Russia is the main-

tenance of peace, to develop simultaneously its political and social experiment and its prodigious natural resources, which hitherto have hardly been scratched. The U. S. S. R. is solving, or trying to solve, the two-fold problem of relations between the employer and the employed and between industry and agriculture, the farmers who want cheap goods and high food prices and the urban population which wants exactly the opposite. What we see here may not be the final solution, but the compromise must be found, and I think the Russians will find it."

Looking back at this conversation, I can easily understand why Cripps "got on" with the Bolsheviks, although while he was in Moscow the U. S. S. R. was universally regarded as the virtual ally of Germany and enemy of Britain. The Bolsheviks certainly didn't like Cripps because he was so "left" a Socialist as to have been expelled from the British Labor Party the year before. Even during the "United Front" period, 1935-38, when the Kremlin's policy was one of co-operation between Communist parties abroad and all other left-wing parties, the Bolsheviks themselves had little esteem for any Socialists anywhere; they regarded them either as self-dupes, laggards, and cowards, or at worst as greedy demagogues who betrayed the working masses.

No; the reason why Stalin and his associates liked and respected Cripps was that he not only approached their country and its problems with an open mind but that the said mind was singularly acute. Moreover, he was no less skilled than they in what they are pleased to call "Marxian dialectics," that is to say, in argument on a realistic and dispassionate basis without regard for national or individual prejudice and sentimentality. I do not say that he tried, or wished, to see Russia through Bolshevik eyes, but he did try to see it clearly, without any British blinkers. In that attempt he succeeded, and that was the source of his strength. Here, I think, is Cripps' greatest asset: he fills

every one who meets him with a sense of his integrity and outstanding mental gifts. Character as such will lift any man from the ruck, but character plus brains will raise him to the loftiest heights. Another first-class English barrister who at present has a most responsible position in the United States told me recently that he had opposed Sir Stafford Cripps in many big cases in London. "I have often disagreed with his politics," he declared, "but as an advocate I rank him highest of any man I have known in clarity, courage, and capacity."

What Russians thought of Cripps wasn't easy to discover. The purge had taught them one lesson: to be cautious in speech with foreigners. I got their views indirectly, surprisingly through the Germans, and also from some old friends who were not afraid to talk to me. One of the American correspondents related an interesting conversation he had had with a high-placed German diplomat. The German said, "How I wish the English had kept their former ambassador here! This man Cripps is a real thorn in our flesh. Every time we have any discussion with the Foreign Office, or want something they are reluctant to give, they bring up Cripps' name. Why, the other day Molotov himself said to our ambassador, 'I wish, Excellency, you would sometimes try to see things from our viewpoint. One of our greatest difficulties has always been the insistence by foreigners upon judging the U. S. S. R. according to their own standards. Except for Sir Stafford Cripps, none of the foreign diplomats seems able or willing to understand our position and the problems which it involves.'" The German added bitterly that Cripps was a "pig-dog Marxist" himself and naturally thick as thieves with the Bolsheviks, but his irritation only stressed the point more heavily. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the Russians are past masters in playing both ends against the middle, and would have taken keen delight in waving Cripps, Ambassador of Britain, at the noses of their German "friends."

To me, the few Soviet officials who dared to talk frankly voiced warm approval of the British Ambassador—generally, I must admit, in comparison with his predecessors or colleagues. Always they stressed the fact that he understood them and that they could speak with him as man to man. (Despite their toughness, the Bolsheviks—and, for that matter, all Russians—are prey to the feminine characteristic of wanting to be "understood" and perpetually complain that no one "understands" them.) They told me, too, that Cripps was utterly straight and always meant what he said without evasiveness or mental reservations. One of my Russian friends who has much knowledge of European affairs once said to me about Cripps, "That man is too good to be an ambassador, even in so important a post as Moscow. What a pity he broke with the Labor Party! Otherwise, I feel sure that with Parliamentary backing he

LIBERTY IS NOW 10c

Reluctantly, Liberty joins the magazine procession this week and sets its price at a dime.

Other publications are taking similar steps. It is a necessity imposed by the war.

We would like every reader to know just how this has been brought about. Turn to page 58, and let's talk about it for a moment.

would now be holding a high post in the British government."

"It didn't stop Winston Churchill," I replied. "I know Winston's nominally a Conservative, but he's really an independent."

My friend nodded. "I hope you're right," he said, "because Cripps in the British War Cabinet would be the best guaranty for durable friendly relations between the U. S. S. R. and Britain." From a Bolshevik that was praise indeed.

People have wondered why Stafford Cripps, member of a prosperous aristocratic family—one of his brothers married the former Duchess of Westminster, and his father is Baron Parmoor—should be so "left" in his politics as to have provoked the accusation that he was a traitor to his class. The answer is simple enough. To begin with, his aunt Beatrice married Sidney Webb, and the Webbs were the "guardian angels" of Socialism in England. As a boy, Cripps lived with them and absorbed their ideas of Socialism and pacifism. During the last war he refused to join any combatant branch of the army, but volunteered for the little less dangerous service of driving an ambulance. In 1915 some one in authority remembered that young Cripps had graduated from London University with high honors in chemistry, and summoned him back from France to direct the technical work of a great explosive factory at Queen's Ferry in Scotland. It was here that he assimilated at least one of the theories of the Soviet Revolution—the participation by "workers' committees" in management and direction of capitalist enterprises.

He didn't, however, go the whole hog and suggest that workers should seize or "nationalize" factories and operate them themselves. Such a course would have been opposed to the revolutionary tenets of British Socialism as compared with the revolutionary program of the Bolsheviks, who have always poured contempt upon the "pussyfoot" tactics of the British Socialist Party. Yet it is noteworthy that the

Bolsheviks never attacked Cripps as a "social traitor"—a term they use freely about most British Socialists—or regarded him as a "fellow traveler," a contemptuous phrase which they apply to parlor pinks.

Cripps' early interest in the Soviet Union was somewhat eclipsed by a change in his own career. Suddenly in his late twenties he threw chemistry aside and began to study law. His quick retentive mind made short work of the course and examinations which take most men several years. He specialized in patent and industrial law, with which his previous experience had already made him familiar, and which later served him in good stead in the U. S. S. R. While ambassador in Moscow he did not travel so extensively as had Joseph Davies—who is also a lawyer with wide experience of industry—but he did visit the largest industrial plants in and around the Soviet capital, and was thus able to gauge the degree and quality of Russian economic progress.

After becoming a barrister he speedily built up a practice which ended by netting him \$150,000 a year. He didn't go to Russia, and it's my private hunch that his clear analytical brain had little patience with the doctrinaire fuzziness of the Bolsheviks (except Lenin, for whom he had always great admiration) during the early years of the Soviet Republic.

At that time the Cripps family was represented in Russia by Sir Stafford's elder brother Freddy—who later married the ex-duchess—who was engaged in a thoroughly capitalistic enterprise. Freddy Cripps knew Russia well and had lost money in one of the banks there which he naturally wished to recover. Accordingly, he obtained one of the earliest "concessions" given under Lenin's New Economic Policy in the winter of 1921-22, to rebuild or restore houses that had been destroyed or damaged by the Revolution and by fire. He had as associate a young man named Jimmy Krasnachev, whose brother was then one of the leading Bolsheviks and a friend of Lenin. He was the first President of the Far Eastern Republic, and when that was merged into the Soviet Union he became head of the industrial bank. Both Krasnache-

kovs had lived in Chicago and spoke English fluently, and the elder's position doubtless facilitated ruble credits for the Cripps-Krasnachev junior concern.

Freddy Cripps did good business for three or four years, until the elder Krasnachev was impeached for "conduct unfitting to a Bolshevik"—chiefly concerned, I remember, with fast trotters and faster women. As makeweight in his trial, they threw in the accusation that he'd lent money to his brother's firm at unduly low interest rates, although there was a definite clause in the bank's charter permitting such loans at low interest for "work of national importance," and in its contract with Freddy Cripps the Moscow Soviet expressly recognized reconstruction of houses as falling into this category.

That didn't help the elder Krasnachev, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Jimmy got off with a warning, and there wasn't the slightest slur upon the character or conduct of Freddy Cripps; but by that time the Soviet tide was turning against all forms of private enterprise, so Freddy liquidated his concession and he has not been in Moscow since.

It wasn't until 1934, when the Kremlin launched its campaign for a "United Front" between the Communists and all labor and Socialist parties of Europe to combat the growing menace of Nazi-Fascism, that Stafford Cripps (by this time Sir Stafford, having been knighted by the Labor government in which he held office as solicitor general) became identified in the public mind with the U. S. S. R. by his strenuous support of the Kremlin's policy. He was so persistent that the British Labor Party, whose leaders were certainly pussyfooters, expelled him in 1939. This inspired some wit in London to make the sarcastic remark, "In expelling Sir Stafford Cripps, labor has blown its brains out."

As Liberty goes to press, Cripps is in India smoothing out dissension, clearing the way for a crucial all-out war effort. Mr. Duranty's true-to-life portrayal of him will be completed in next week's issue.



LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP by Donald Gordon



SPENCER BRADE, M. D., by Frank G. Slaughter.

Most of the writing medicos who in recent years appeared on publishers' lists, and quite frequently on best seller lists, have confined themselves to nonfiction, reminiscing about emergency operations on farmhouse kitchen tables with, for tools, only the old baling hooks, cold chisels, and sutures from family tabbies available on the premises. Formaldehyde fiction has been left largely in the hands of professional writers. Notable exceptions are England's eminent A. J. Cronin and Dr. Frank Slaughter of the southern United States who dramatizes vividly the prob-

lems of United States medical practice.

Author Slaughter isn't yet in Cronin's class as a novelist, but his story of the brilliant young man, elbowed out of a merited professor's job by institutional politics, who turned cynically to a curiously arranged marriage and to "pocket surgery" practice in a Southern city will be found entertaining for most. As for the thousands of surgical fans who thrill in box seats at fictional operations, or who have had one themselves—this is their dish. However, many local doctors won't appreciate it. There are polecats in the profession, too, and the author demonstrates the distinctions. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

PICTURES

YOU OUGHT TO SEE



Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Hara, and John Payne in martial *To the Shores of Tripoli*.



Rio Rita, a one-time musical hit on Broadway, is now mostly Abbott and Costello.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ **TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI** (for marine tradition and esprit)

The great marching song of the marines, *From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli*, has given the title to this stirring picture of leathernecks in training. The dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor gives it an ending. The celebrated San Diego naval training base is the background for the action. That's quite a set-up for a war-propaganda film. What with clever plotting and direction and good enough acting, the show becomes a recruiting battle cry and absorbing entertainment.

To the Shores of Tripoli has a conventional enough plot. There is the know-it-all youngster who feuds with a tough sergeant and makes love to a pretty nurse. The dramatic climax finds the recruit saving his superior's life during target practice. He is just about to leave the service when news of Pearl Harbor comes through. The point is that the narrative fits in nicely with scenes of actual training and maneuvers. When members of the corps, with their unparalleled esprit, swing past the camera in formation to the strains of the marines' song, the show is irresistible.

It does not attempt to give one a history of the corps, or even show all of the varied functions of sea soldiers, but it never fails to make one aware and proud of this brilliant service arm. Since the picture has been screened in first-rate color, scene

after scene has pictorial splendor as well as martial excitement. The shots of sea target practice at night are some of the most magnificent color compositions I've ever seen on the screen. Meanwhile, Bruce Humberstone, the director, has accompanied much of the action with the roar of airplanes overhead to heighten the dramatic tension.

The actors have been well selected for this sort of entertainment. Randolph Scott is especially good as Dixie Smith, who saw service in the first World War and who has the difficult job of making a disciplined fighting man out of his best friend's son. John Payne plays up to him effectively in the latter role, giving the character a combination of soft snobbery and hard courage which makes it stand as a symbol of what the marines do to recruits. Maxie Rosenbloom adds some touches of humor as a gambling leatherneck, and William Tracey has an extremely sympathetic role as a youngster who just can't make the grade and get his blue uniform.

On the feminine side there are Maureen O'Hara, who looks very lovely in technicolor and acts the nurse-heroine role with considerable power, and Nancy Kelly, playing the part of a post-debutante who wants the hero to leave the marines and take a cushy desk job in Washington. There are other excellent players in the offering, including the marines themselves—training at San Diego.

Altogether, *To the Shores of Tripoli* is one of the best of Hollywood's efforts to glorify our armed services. And it has one of the greatest military tunes ever written.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ **RIO RITA** (for delightful double-takes)

The popular clowning team of Abbott and Costello takes over an old Broadway musical hit here in no uncertain manner. What Florenz Ziegfeld once did with glorified show girls and spectacular stage routines, the boys do with double-talk and double-takes. A couple of songs remain from the original show in this screen version. Otherwise it's Abbott and Costello.

That was obviously what M-G-M intended when it dusted off the song-and-dance property for the initial Abbott-and-Costello offering under its banner.

It has given them full scope for their zany antics. And the antics are generally very funny. Lou Costello in particular keeps the proceedings full of laughter as he lands in one predicament after another, from being whirled dizzy on a lofty automobile jack to being stuck with a time bomb. His double-takes are something.

Trying to beat their way back to New York from the West, they land on or near the Mexican border in the luggage rack of a radio star's car. They become house detectives and Cupids. Finally they expose a Nazi plot. Since the show is full of amusing situations, they have a field day.

There's a musical show of sorts surrounding their clowning, with Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll singing *Rio Rita*, *The Ranger's Song*, and the new *Long Before You Came* effectively. There's a dash of romance with comical complications. But you'll like *Rio Rita* chiefly for its stars.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night.

★★★—The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin.

WARTIME BASEBALL

WHOLL WIN?

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

The game goes on . . . and a famous expert tackles the dubious task of forecasting its most uncertain season

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ NOT only permitted but urged to carry on, by no less an authority than the President of the United States, the intricate, expensive, and almost surely doomed industry of major-league baseball will endeavor to ride at least one year of the storm of wartime.

It isn't officially said that way. The magnates and executives aren't prognosticating. Officially, baseball has been given the green light and will carry on indefinitely. Actually, those closest to it will tell you off the record that they're far from certain about the season of '43. This may be the last for a while. Better rally around it.

Baseball is by no means flying in the face of the war effort. Baseball magnates and executives are as loyal, as war-conscious, as ready to sacrifice and to serve as any other good Americans. Proof of that is the fact that Commissioner Landis didn't even consult his club owners and league presidents before he wrote his celebrated letter to President Roosevelt. He knew his men. He knew what they'd say. It would have been a unanimous "O. K." if the President had said, "I'm afraid you'd better not."

But the President said, "By all means go ahead"—and although current is precious, they'll go ahead even with night games. The old, familiar, well loved show will provide release and recreation from the worries of war. It will entertain the soldiers and sailors. It will provide jobs and pay taxes. It's a traditional part of America, and we're fighting for our traditions, among other things.

So baseball's in the clear on the industrial count.

On the active-service end it can fly its flags pretty proudly. • American Leaguers in o. d. or pea jacket

instead of flannel and spikes as this '42 season gets away are Mickey Harris, Larry Powell, Earl Johnson, and Al Flair of the Red Sox; Gene Stack of the White Sox; Bob Feller of Cleveland; Hank Greenberg, Freddy Hutchinson, Pat Mullin, and Bob Uhle of the Tigers; Sam Chapman, Ray Poole, Al Brancato, Don Richmond, Joe Gantenbein, Rankin Johnson, Porter Vaughan, and Orge Cooper of the Athletics; Al White, Joe Grace, George Archie, and Maurice Newlin of the Browns; Robert Morem, Cecil Travis, John Sanford, John Lewis, Elmer Gedeon, Dick Mulligan, Forrest Brewer, Louis Thuman, and Carlton Hoberg of the Senators.

The stars in the National League service flag shine for Bama Rowell and Barnacle Bill Posedel of the Braves; Harry Lavagetto and Claude Corbitt of the Dodgers; Ben Zientra of the Reds; John Davis and Tom Gorman of the Giants; Hugh Mulcahy, John Behrends, and Dale Jones of the Phillies; John Addis, Bill Cox, Vaughn Swigart, and Vin Smith of the Pirates; Bill Endicott, John Grodzicki, Fred Turner, and Tony Sessi of the Cards.

More will have gone by the time this is printed, but that much is already official at this writing. Any follower of baseball knows what even that much represents—what the Tigers were and will be without Greenberg and Mullin, how the Indians will miss Feller, how the Red Sox could use those young pitchers, how the Yankees need a first baseman to fill in for Johnny Sturm, where Clark Griffith is without Travis and Lewis. And so on. Follow through, in the light of those lists for both leagues, and you'll see how the industry is really hit on the operating end.

It's going to be no easy pull for the national game. Besides the priority on man power, player power, there are priorities on most of the materials it uses. Its transportation problem figures to be pretty serious. Have you ridden on many trains lately? Have you tried to get reservations for twenty-five or thirty people? Have you tried to get a special Pullman, or maybe two? What did they tell you?

NATIONAL LEAGUE



A '41 thriller: Mel Ott of the Giants leaps as he starts his slide into the home plate—with Dodgers' catcher Owen waiting for him.

Travel costs are higher. Hotels, meals—all those expenses are increased, plus taxes. Income may be less with so many young fans away.

There's the unprecedented possibility of blackouts, real or practice, interfering with night games. And if things grow tense along the Atlantic coast, and the big coastal cities and the national capital become defense zones, will the authorities want crowds, with their resultant traffic jams, collecting even in the afternoons?

And the reaction of the public has yet to be proved. War psychology—the psychology of this sort of war—is something baseball has no way of foreseeing.

It takes courage to go ahead, even with a President's endorsement. But

here it is. Here's the effort. And here's the traditional salute to it. Let's keep the faith, as the game itself is doing, and let's look at the game as it stands and measure the prospects. First, let's take a quick look at the winter trades.

There were no sensational changes of strength at midwinter this year. The annual Minor Leagues' Convention had just closed in Jacksonville, and all the Trader Horns had just transferred to Chicago to begin the customary selling and swapping, when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Those bombs likewise struck baseball. Every manager decided to sit tight with what he had. A few carefully engineered finesses came later.

The Giants, determined to build under the new manager, Mel Ott, pro-

cured Johnny Mize from the Cards, Bill Werber from the Reds, Hank Leiber from the Cubs. The Dodgers put through a big deal with the Pirates for Arkie Vaughan to fill in for Cookie Lavagetto, who was about to answer his country's call. They likewise requisitioned outfielders Don Padgett from the Cards and John Rizzo from the Phillies.

Deacon William McKechnie thought long and prayed hard, and finally purchased the erstwhile rollicking Rollie Hemsley to head up his hind snatching corps. This coup enabled him to merchandise the large and lusty hittin' catcher Ernest Lombardi to the Boston Braves. There were a few other minor swaps and by-products, such as the Pirates picking up Babe Phelps and Pete Coscarart from

the Dodgers in the Vaughan deal, and the Cards coming out of the Giants' deal with Bill Lohrman to help with the pitching. But that was about the sum of the business in the senior organization.

In the American League, the biggest deal was pulled off between Detroit and Washington, with Infielder Jimmy Bloodworth and Outfielder Roger "Doc" Cramer becoming Tigers while Infielder Frank Croucher and Outfielder Bruce Campbell moved across to the national capital. Washington likewise bought Pitcher Jack Wilson from the Red Sox and acquired a substitute outfielder, Stanley Spence, along with him. The only other notable deal was a swap between the Athletics and the White Sox wherein Jimmy Dykes parted with Mike Kreevich and a 5-5 pitcher, Jack Hallett, for Wally Moses.

Now that the races are beginning, it seems to be the consensus that it's the Yanks again in the American League and either the Cards or the Dodgers in the National. That's the way matters stood most of last season—until the Cards cracked up with the most spectacular hospital list on record.

The Yanks' one real varsity member who's transferred to the Red, White, and Blue is first-sacker Johnny Sturm, dependable but not irreplaceable. Buddy Hassett, acquired in a trade from the Braves, or a big Kansas City outfield recallee, Michael Chartak, may stand in for Sturm. Tom Henrich can in a pinch. Flash Gordon can, but says he hopes he doesn't have to. Otherwise the world champions are still the same formidable array, with Joe DiMaggio's dynamite still on tap, and Charley Keller's and Bill Dickey's and all the rest. The great team grows older, of course. There may be some changes, Gerald Priddy probably replacing Red Rolfe at third, for instance. Spring training got away slowly, with practically the entire infield and DiMaggio holding out.

★ **ALTHOUGH** its contributions to the service include Pitchers Stanceu and Peek, the rest of the veteran staff is intact, and is bolstered by a half-dozen likely looking rookies, two of whom appear to have what it takes. One is John Harland Lindell, who won 23 and lost 4 with Newark last year, striking out 100 batters and walking 59. John is a huge right-hander. He batted .298 last season and .273 in 1940. The other is Melvin Joseph Queen, another big right-hander and a Yankee farm hand for four years. Queen is really an Eastern Leaguer; he won 14 and lost 5 with Binghamton last year before moving up to Kansas City, where he had time to pitch but one game. That one, however, was a one-hit, nine-strike-out shut-out.

The rest of the Yankee hurling corps—Ruffing, Russo, Chandler, Donald, Bonham, Breuer, Gomez, Branch, and the celebrated Fireman Johnny Murphy—are still in business. With the same batteries, approximately the same and possibly a better infield, and

the same DiMaggio-Keller-Henrich-Selkirk forces in the outfield, it appears to be "The Yanks and then who?" again.

And yet—

Don't look now, but the White Sox might be a dark horse. The able and inimitable Mr. James J. Dykes had a ball club capable of finishing in third place last year, and he's starting with the same one now. The Sox are a collection of agile married gentlemen with families mostly, hence their ranks are intact and figure to remain so. The addition of Wally Moses to the outfield adds some useful fire power, and an outfielding recruit named David Philley comes up from Monroe, Louisiana, hitting .347. His sting with the mace in one double-header last season was two singles, three doubles, and a home run for a day's R. B. I. total of six.

★ **REGARDLESS** of what young Philley may be able to do, Moses, Myril Hoag, and Taft Wright give the rotund and astute Mr. Dykes one of the best outfields in baseball. He has his same third-place infield—Kuhel, Knickerbocker, Appling, and either Lodigiani or Kennedy—intact. He has his same catching corps and his same six first-string pitchers: Thorny Lee, Johnny Rigney, Ed Smith, Bill Dietrich, Johnny Humphries, and Ted Lyons. James J. is thus standing pat, plus Moses and his new recruit strength. He ain't saying nuthin', but he'll bear a little watching.

The Red Sox, perennial runners-up to the Yanks, are possibly a threat if Ted Williams plays, and as this is written Ted says he will play, despite the controversy over his draft classification. But the Boston team was an old one last year. Foxx was on his way out, Cronin headed for the bench. Now, owing to the wartime premium on man power, Big Jim will probably be back on first base despite the fact that a former Harvard baseball captain and recent Louisville star, Ulysses Lupien, is being given every chance to take the job. Two brilliant kids, John Pesky of Louisville and Eddie Pellagrini of San Diego, have flashed at short for the Red Sox through all the spring drill—but can they hit Cronin's .311?

The Bostonians have failed in the past because of their pitching. It figures to be no better this year. Three of its brightest hopes are now in Uncle Sam's uniform. Their catching has always lacked something. It still figures to lack it. The Sox look weaker than last year.

The Tigers, having now sent Pat Mullin to the service along with the gallant Sergeant Greenberg, have acquired the veteran Doc Cramer, who, although thirty-six years of age, figures to be more potent than the .273 he hit with the Washingtons last year, but can scarcely make up Mullins' .324. The Tiger team as a whole is pretty venerable. It's not any too happy. Notoriously high-salaried in '41, it balked hard when handed cuts. It's not a bad ball club on paper.



Cleveland can field a first-class varsity consisting of married men with at least two children, excepting Ray Mack who has but one. Lou Boudreau may solve the harmony problem as manager, although what the managerial responsibilities will do to him as shortstop remains for the campaign to prove. But Feller is gone, and Hal Trosky has dropped out for reasons of health. Since Cleveland was the second weakest team in the American League in hitting last year, the loss of Trosky would seem to sink them still lower. There's one ray of hope in this department, a rookie first baseman named Leslie Fleming. Playing 106 games with Nashville last year, he hit .414!

The rest are "still in the league."

The Browns have gone through a financial reorganization, and Luke Sewell has hopes. He likewise has at least one brilliant rookie in Glenn McQuillen, a .329-hitting outfielder up from the Toledo Mud Hens.

Washington and Philadelphia remain about where they were, but the Senators rate a red, white, and blue asterisk. They've sent thirteen men, including the two real stars, Travis and Lewis, to their country's service.

In the National division, the Dodgers really figure to catch from the Cardinals the competition that cracked up last year. Brooklyn's Beloved Bums have done their best to get ready. They put through a deal with the Pirates that brought Arkie Vaughan in exchange for Babe Phelps, Luke Hamlin, Pete Coscarart, and Jimmy Wasdell. They took on Johnny Rizzo. They've contributed Cookie Lavagetto to the service, but they still have Whit Wyatt and Kirby Higbe, Curt Davis and Fred Fitzsimmons, Pete Reiser, Ducky Medwick, Dolph Camilli, Lew Riggs, and now Arkie Vaughan. They still have Hugh Casey, Mickey Owen, Durocher to orate, and MacPhail to conduct. But they had all that last year and a lot of luck with it—in the closing drive of the pennant race. The luck ran out when Mickey Owen dropped that third strike in the Series.

★ THE team that didn't have the luck was the Cards. They've got some coming, and this could be the year. Their forces are intact with the exception of Johnny Mize, a mighty exception, to be sure, but up they come with potent reinforcements including an outfielder named Stanley Musial, already tagged "the Pete Reiser of '42."

Manager Southworth sees better infield reserves in Bud Blattner from Sacramento and George Kurowski from Rochester. He sees a valuable catching addition in James Kenneth O'Dea, acquired from the Giants in the Johnny Mize deal. He figures brighter defensive play around first from Ray Sanders, up from Columbus, or Johnny Hopp. Musial he sees as a star. Finishing with the Cards last year after being called up from the International League, Musial tapped .426 in twelve games.

Pruning down a pitching staff in-

cluding Lon Warneke, Mort Cooper, Harry Gumbert, Ira Hutchinson, Ernie White, Hubert Lanier, Clyde Shoun, Howard Krist, and Howard Pollet, plus the additions of Bill Lohrman, John Beazeley, Alvin Jurisch, Max Surkont, Harry Brecheen, Murry Dickson, and George Munger, has been Mr. Southworth's principal headache.

Marion, Brown, and Crespi are sure in the infield. Southworth thinks Sanders will do at first. Mancuso and Walk Cooper will do the catching. Terry Moore is back in center, Enos Slaughter in right. Musial is the choice for left. There are subs. And that's a ball club.

There are those who like the Reds, including Deacon Will McKechnie. They still have the pitching—Derringer, Walters, Riddle, Vander Meer, Turner, and Pearson, and they've picked up some other pitchers, such as Ray Starr from Indianapolis and Lloyd Moore from Syracuse, who might help if help is really needed. They still have Frank McCormick, Eddie Joost, Linus Frey, and Bert Haas for an infield, with an outfield now bolstered with such brilliant young sluggers as Michael Dejan, who comes up from Birmingham hitting .323.

They claim out in Redland that the team has got over some illusions it had about being champions and all; that it's ready to fight and ready to win. That pitching makes it look pretty formidable.

The Giants figure to be improved with the addition of Mize, and pos-

sibly with that of Werber, who hit weakly last year but who may like the Polo Grounds. He adds flash and fire on the defensive end. Mel Ott will do much to improve the club's "public relations," and the Giants are really fortunate in Brooklyn's rise to popularity.

It provides the red-hot feud angle from which baseball is made.

The Cubs, Pirates, Braves, and Phillies will provide the opposition. As for the Braves, the addition of Lombardi's big bat, the return to action of Chet Ross, and the pick-up of a .327-hitting infield rookie, Nanny Fernandez from San Francisco, figure to add punch to the Stengel attack.

My guess is the Yanks and the Cardinals, and I wouldn't drop dead if the White Sox crossed the dope and came in ahead of the Yanks.

As for the rest of it, only the seventh son of a seventh son could venture a guess in times like these, and even that would probably be wet enough to steam by a fire.

What another year will bring, with the further regimentation of man power, who can tell?

But meanwhile, officially sanctioned, thoroughly integrated with the war effort, giving unreservedly of its vital personnel, preparing to donate thousands of free seats weekly to our soldiers and sailors, major-league baseball runs the Stars and Stripes to the top of the mast.

It may not go the distance. It probably can't, but here's a salute to a gallant effort. Play ball!

THE END



"They all went off last night and forgot me."



STRIPE MEET STAR



Kay makes up—in the operating cabin!



Marge leads a responsive crew in song.



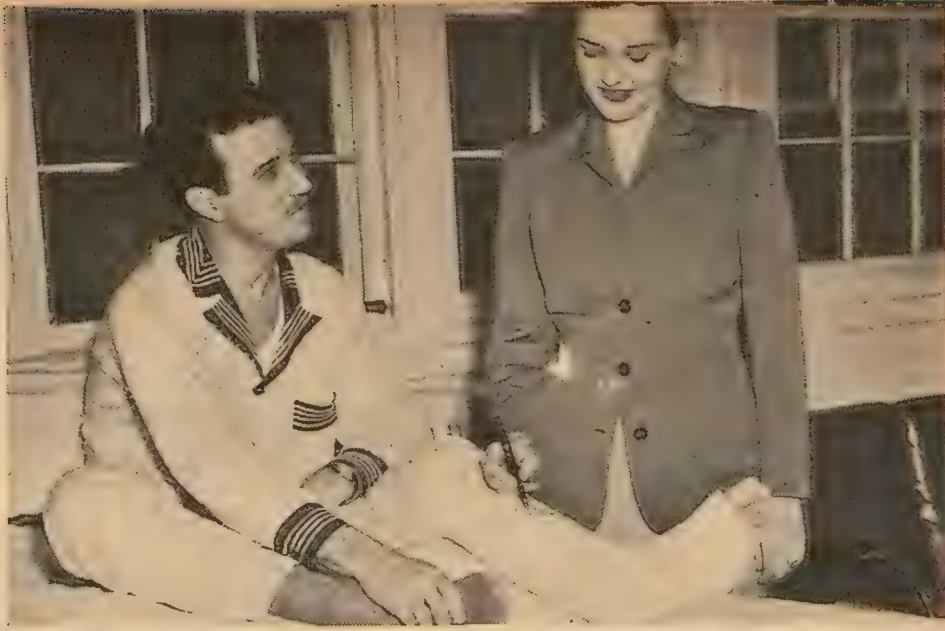
Altogether, Bert and his entertainers "send the sailors solid." The cruiser's forward mess has been converted into a stage for the show.

Stage, screen, radio folk are busy for Uncle Sam . . . Here's a look at what they are doing

★ "KEEP 'Em Laughing." That's the USO-Camp Shows slogan—and the shows are doing it! Uncle Sam's service men asked for "in person, on stage" entertainment. USO-Camp Shows, in co-operation with every branch of show business, is giving it to them nightly, free of cost. Since November, twenty-two musical revues, two legitimate hits, have been playing in service posts all over the country, and since December 7 the program has included radio stars, concert artists, name bands, all of whom volunteered. Screen celebrities make two-week guest-star tours. Concert artists and bands are booked for individual dates. Stage and radio stars thus far have been concentrated on East and West Coast embarkation areas. In the picture above, you see some of them, led by Bert Lytell, co-ordinator of embarkation entertainment for USO-Camp Shows, boarding a cruiser to entertain her crew. Bert's shaking hands with the ship's doctor, and behind him are Kay Thompson, radio singer; John Mulholland, magician; Penny Edwards, dancer; and Marge Perrone, accordion soloist.



Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, a big gun hushed the three Ritz players momentarily—and helped them score with the service men.



What Private Rubsansi wanted most, at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, was Phyllis Brooks' autograph on the cast on his leg. He got it.



Linda Darnell and—one guess—Joe Brown on a USO-Camp Shows tour.



Even the leathernecks softened up for Judy Garland—and no wonder! With Dave Rose, her husband, she played for two weeks at posts throughout the Middle West.



Completely surrounded was Deanna Durbin when, touring Eastern army posts, she sang for her supper to the soldiers at Camp Edwards, Falmouth, Massachusetts.



"This army bread is O. K.!" Ann Miller told Colonel Sullivan at Camp Shelby.



ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

When the Tyee was fogbound off the Aleutian Islands, Brand Connor, a trader, and his mate, Lozier, came aboard to help pilot the ship. One of the passengers, Dr. Macauley, who was to make a bird survey of the islands for the United States government, was most favorably impressed with the dark-browed Connor. But John Hunecker, the Aleutian game warden, hinted to the doctor that the trader was not all he seemed. His connection with Maluk, a native storekeeper, and his queer attitude about Semichortovoi, the Island of the Seven Devils, had been highly suspicious. Underhand work was going on.

Arriving at Uliak, the ornithologist wasted no time in making himself known to Eden, the bride of Jimmy Trane, who was on patrol duty in these Alaskan waters. His friend Jimmy had asked him to keep a fatherly eye on his young wife, more or less nervous when left alone in that weird region of sea and rocks. At the end of his first call, Eden insisted on driving the doctor to his quarters. Passing the wharf where the Tyee was berthed, close to the Maluk warehouse, they saw Lozier skulk behind Connor with an uplifted dagger. Eden screamed.

PART TWO—HUNEKER HITS A BLOODY TRAIL

★ EDEN TRANE'S scream did two things: it warned Brand, and it startled Lozier so that he faltered for just an instant. Brand crouched and rolled as the knife descended, and as he came up out of the crouch he whirled and seized Lozier's arm, bending it back. The knife flew out of his fingers and end-over-ended into the water and was swallowed with a single gulp.

The rest was silent, and deliberate, and completely brutal. It seemed to go on a long time, though I suppose the whole thing did not take more than a minute in all. Brand's heavy rubber boot hooked itself around Lozier's leg, and, as Lozier tripped, Brand's knee came up solidly into his groin. Lozier gave a deep *ough!*—that was the only sound he made in the entire fight—and grabbed himself and jack-



Her face became a defensive mask.
Brand Connor moved toward us.
His eyes were black and belligerent.

Carle Blunslow

knifed in agony; and Brand drove his fist into the center of his face, breaking his nose—you could almost hear the bones give. Lozier went down on both knees, and Brand hit him in the face two more times as he fell. He groveled in a heap.

Deliberately Brand reached down and hauled him to his feet again, and held him erect for a moment with his right hand—Brand's left arm, I noticed for the first time, was hanging limp—and then, as he released him, drove his fist again into the soft red ruin of his face. He watched Lo-

zier as he sprawled and lay twitching. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he lifted him up and hit him in the face once more. This time Lozier pitched forward so hard that his face plowed along the splintery pier a couple of feet. All this time Brand had been smoking his cigarette. Now he removed it, flipped off an ash, and replaced the cigarette unconcernedly between his lips. With the toe of his boot he flopped Lozier over onto his back.

He studied him for a long moment, and then, exhaling a cloud of smoke,

stepped over the inert form and strolled toward us.

Eden had not moved throughout the entire affair. Now, as Brand approached, she released my wrist suddenly. I realized she had been gripping it so hard that her fingernails cut the flesh. She began to tremble.

Brand rested a foot on the running board and his eyes searched the interior of the car. They came to rest on Eden; and I had the impression, in the half-light, that they grew darker. "Oh," he said slowly, "so you're the one who screamed." He nodded slowly. "Thanks," he said in a low voice.

He turned and strolled up the street. His left hand was rammed into his pocket, I saw, and his shirt was plastered wetly to his back. Eden let out her breath in a long shuddering sigh of revulsion—*aaaa-aa-aagh!*—as the corner of the warehouse hid him from view. . . .

We had a little trouble loading Lozier into the car. He was almost dead weight; and my own knees were knocking together weakly, I was ashamed to discover. Eden drove in silence, trying to control her shaking and get herself in hand. The hospital lights were burning, I noticed in relief as we approached. We got Lozier out of the car—he was commencing to function again, stumbling drunkenly and bubbling blood through his swollen lips—and helped him up the wood boardwalk. I opened the door.

The light was in the room to the left of the entrance hall—a sort of emergency receiving room with gleaming white walls and a glass instrument cabinet and an operating table on rubber wheels. Brand Connor lay on his stomach on the table, stripped to the waist, his head pillowed on his forearms. Even in the shock of that moment I had to gasp at the round plates of muscle on his naked shoulders, the tapering wedge of his back. A blonde nurse in a trim white uniform was working over him, swabbing his shoulder with disinfectant.

"... Only a scratch," Brand was insisting into his folded arms. "I was walking through the woods, when this Kodiak bear gave a roar and jumped me. He took one swipe with his paw . . ."

"Lie still," the nurse said briefly. "Next time," matter-of-factly, "you'll know better than turn your back on somebody with a knife."

"I'm tough," Brand murmured.

"Oh, sure. You're tough . . ."

At that moment she saw us in the doorway. Her voice trailed and her hand gripped his bare shoulder—a curiously possessive gesture. Brand lifted his head, surprised, and saw Eden Trane. Again I had the impression that his eyes grew darker; the thick black lashes lowered a little. His glance was grateful, almost reverent.

"I'm all right," he said to her softly. "You didn't need to . . ."

Eden drew in her breath with a sharp sob of anger. But before she could speak there occurred the most

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW



BLEEDING GUMS may mean you have GINGIVITIS



Often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft shrinking gums

Even if your gums only bleed a tiny bit when you brush your teeth—get busy! Tender, bleeding gums may be the first warning signs of Gingivitis, a mild gum inflammation which may attack—

4 OUT OF 5 People

Unheeded—Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, with its loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home do this—

One Best Precaution Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. There's no better method than Forhan's and massage to help gums be firmer and to clean dingy teeth to their natural brightness.

Forhan's also helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Start using Forhan's today. Note the difference! All drug and dept. stores. Week-end size, 10¢ store.

use **Forhan's**
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

fantastic incident of the whole evening. Lozier lurched past us and supported himself against the doorjamb, his battered features forming themselves into a smile. It was a horrible smile, servile and fawning. "I wasn't going to say anything, Mr. Connor," he said thickly. "I wouldn't say anything—you know that."

"That's all right," said Brand.

"Don't tell Maluk, will you, Mr. Connor?"

"I won't tell him," said Brand. "Get back to the ship."

Lozier gave him a look of abject gratitude and turned to Eden. His puffed lips worked painfully. "Fine fellow, Mr. Connor," he mumbled. "Fines' fellow in the worl' . . ." He staggered past her through the door.

Something in Eden seemed to snap. She advanced a couple of steps toward Brand, her lip curling. Her whole face was contorted with rage. But there was another quality in her face—a shivering excitement. Her eyes were shining, and her voice, as she spoke, had a breathless quality as though she had been running. Her words were all blurred together. ". . . brute," I heard.

Brand was staring at her, bewildered, hurt. The blonde nurse, behind him, tightened her grip on his shoulder. "Lie still," she repeated. She said to Eden curtly: "You can tell him all that later. Right now I need some help in a hurry. Bring those scissors."

Eden looked down for the first time, and saw the rapid red stain spreading over the bandages the nurse was pressing against Brand's back. Suddenly I saw her begin to sway, and her weight sagged against me as I reached her side. Every bit of color had drained from her face. The nurse shrugged.

"Better get her outside. She doesn't belong here."

Her hand still gripped Brand's shoulder possessively. She did not let go until I had led Eden away.

★ LOOKING back on it all now —with the full knowledge of everything that happened—it comes as a sort of shock to realize how little I suspected at the beginning of the summer, how credulous I must have appeared to every one I met, how unaware I was of the sinister forces that swirled around me like wisps of Berling fog.

I liked Brand Connor from the first. I trusted him; and I resented John Huneker's stubborn antagonism toward him. Huneker's perennially skeptical scowl irritated me; and I found myself, against my better judgment, defending Brand with heat against his quite unfounded accusations. Not that the lack of evidence, to date, made Huneker any less suspicious. His was the kind of self-nourishing suspicion that feeds on failure.

"There's something goin' on out there t' Seven Devils, Doctor," he would insist to me in his high Yankee whine. "Something funny. Course, I ain't saying . . ."

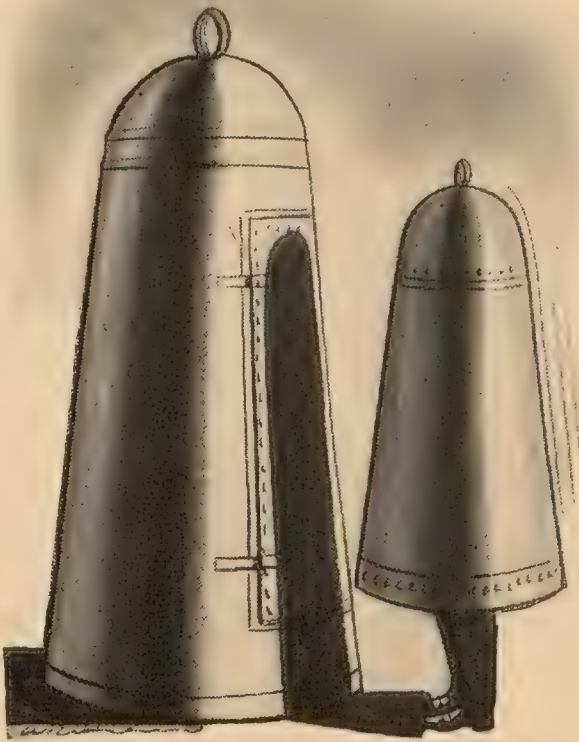
He would lower his voice and lean forward confidentially.

"But I got my ideas . . ."

His voice would die away altogether, with that calculated air of mystery which I was coming to find increasingly annoying, and he would gaze at me over the tops of his spectacles with an enigmatic scowl.

The fact that Lozier had failed to keep his midnight rendezvous only made him the more positive he had been on the right track. "Else otherwise somebody wouldn't have stopped him," he insisted at breakfast aboard the Tyee next morning, "unless there was something they didn't want him to tell." I was not sure whether he

BY F. WILKINSON



"Who shall I say is calling?"

knew about the encounter on the pier, but he evidently suspected that Brand Connor had more than a little to do with Lozier's breaking his date. He made no attempt to conceal his distrust of Brand.

"What's he up to, Doctor? Where's he go on all these trips to the islands? What's he do?"

"He's a trader," I snapped. "He's got business out there."

"Oh, sure; he's got business out there," said Huneker with elaborate sarcasm. "He's got business, all right."

I set down my fork, my temper rising. "Why would he be turning over his own private charts to the navy," I began, "if he were a smuggler? Why would he give away his possible hide-outs in the islands . . ."

I checked myself abruptly. I realized that I was defending Brand Connor with considerable vehemence; and yet, for the life of me, I could not have said why. Certainly the scene I had witnessed last night had done nothing to set my mind at ease about Brand. Hours later—long after I had said good night to the still trembling Eden Trane and returned to the Tyee—I could still see Brand's fist pounding again sickeningly into Lozier's pulpy features. The calculated brutality he had displayed had the unreal quality of a nightmare—the more so

when I sought to reconcile it with the moody Brand Connor who hailed me, somewhat dejectedly, in a water-front lunchroom later that afternoon.

"Oh, Doc." He waved to me with his right hand; his left arm, I noticed, was hanging at his side. "Come on and sit down."

A jerk of his head indicated the girl seated at the table beside him. "You remember Wallie."

Somewhat tardily I recognized the blonde nurse of the night before. She had discarded her trim white uniform, and she had on a man's mackinaw coat and high-laced boots, well worn and muddy. She was reading a newspaper spread out on the table before her, her chin propped on her hands.

"I see where Superman's got himself trapped by the Black Spider," she commented. She glanced at Brand, but he stared morosely at his coffee cup. "Of course they can't hurt Superman, though."

Brand's thick lashes were lowered, his shadowed eyes retreated into a deep melancholy. Wallie continued to study the paper.

"Superman rips apart the bars of steel," she read aloud. "See, just one twist of his hand. 'Up and awa-aa-aay!'"

★ BRAND'S fist tightened. The muscles ran along his wrist and his shaggy forearm, and slid up his arm to his biceps, and under his tight jersey you saw the smooth answering play of muscles in his shoulders, the solid packs that lifted for a moment on his chest.

"Leaping over skyscrapers, swooping through the air with the speed of an express train, the man of tomorrow speeds to the rescue of Lois..."

"All right," Brand said briefly. She stopped. His extraordinary eyes turned to me in appeal: "What's the matter with me, Doc? What am I, a gangster or something? What does she want to stand and look at me that way for?"

Suddenly I understood.

"You saw the way she looked at me?"

"I saw the way you looked at her," said Wallie laconically.

"The hell with her," said Brand. He paused. "Look, Doc," he said to me earnestly. "I was a kid in South Boston, see? I used to box pro a little, and people would sit at the ringside—nice people in evening clothes. Only, when I got bloody, they'd pull back in their chairs and hold up newspapers in front of them so I wouldn't spatter them. It was like that." He paused, his eyes growing a shade darker. "Who was she, Doc? No"—before I could answer—"the hell with her!"

He shoved back his chair abruptly.

"I got to start loading. We sail at midnight."

He picked up his check—he left Wallie's check on the table—and walked over to the cashier, and tossed a dime on the glass counter, and took a toothpick, and sauntered through the door.

Wallie gazed after him with a rueful smile. "Well." She finished her cof-

Tom's morning is a total loss



TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE: but he's going to call on a customer at 10.

Scared to risk interruption of a sale, he postpones taking anything—postpones needed relief.



SO TOM HAS A TOUGH MORNING! Symptoms of constipation make him dull and heavy-eyed.

He shows his goods without enthusiasm. Business is minus—and so is he!

Business smiles on Dick!



DICK NEEDS A LAXATIVE: he's also calling on a customer around 10.

But Dick doesn't put off till tonight taking the laxative he needs this morning. He relies on speedy Sal Hepatica!



SAL HEPATICA brings gentle, thorough relief, before Dick leaves home.

Dick is ready for business—so business is ready for him. No wonder his order book fills up fast!

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEVER PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning. Discover speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica! Why is it



the favorite laxative of millions? Because it acts fast—usually within an hour. Because it acts gently, thoroughly... by

attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract without discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica is a favorite, too, because it helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this sparkling saline.

Next time you need a laxative, take speedy Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. W. T.

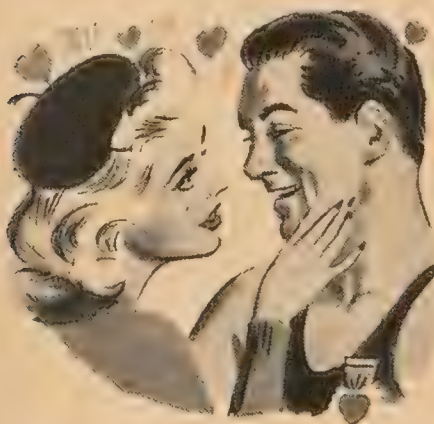
"COOL SHAVES Hurdle Tough Beards at Winning Speed"



• "All you shavers who want speedier, cooler, smoother shaves—switch to Ingram's! Ingram's gets you away fast and brings you down the stretch a winner by a cool, cool chin!"

• "Soon as Ingram's lather tops your facial timber, it helps to cool and condition your skin for shaving. It wilts whiskers so fast, your blade breezes through like a discus through the air."

• "After you've finished the finals—how much smoother your face looks—how much cooler it feels! And it stays braced and refreshed—younger-looking, younger-feeling—for hours on end."



• "An ace for your face—that's Ingram's! No tonics or lotions needed! So forget shaves that bite and sting... get cool Ingram's today. In tube or jar, and either way, it's concentrated for economy!"

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

fee and rose. "Up and awaa-aay..." She dropped her own dime beside his on the glass counter.

★ HUNEKER was down on the pier to watch Brand sail; but he did not learn much. The crew carried a number of boxes out of Maluk's warehouse, and loaded them aboard the Sistina—I saw Lozier directing the work, his face an ugly purple welt, but he offered no sign of recognition—and Brand cast off an hour later with the tide.

Huneker stared after the ship, his nostrils working like those of a baffled bloodhound who has reached a check in the trail.

"Riding pretty high out of water," he mused, "to have much of any cargo aboard." He frowned as the Sistina disappeared around an arm of the harbor. "The amount of supplies he loaded just now"—significantly—"wouldn't pay for the trip."

"Maybe Maluk's got a cargo for him to pick up out there."

"That's just it," said Huneker. "What's he pick up for Maluk out there? Where does he take it? Why does he always come back here empty again?"

Maluk was not his name, of course. He had been given the nickname years ago when he was a trader in the Arctic—*maluk* means "chief" in the Kobuk tongue—and it had stuck ever since. He was an Asiatic—rumor had him Japanese, but rumors were flying thick and fast in Alaska just then, and you couldn't depend on them—and he owned the main trading post and warehouse in Uliak. Altogether he had a somewhat dubious reputation. Once or twice, Maluk had come forward rather unaccountably to pay the fines imposed on natives caught trapping foxes out of season; and a year ago, so the story went, a sea-otter fur had actually been confiscated on his premises, though he had convinced the federal authorities later that it had been found dead by some Aleut fishermen. Certainly there was nothing sinister in his appearance; he was timid, self-effacing, continually polishing his hands and apologizing: "Pardon me. I'm so sorry. I hope I don't intrude."

★ THE first time I saw him was when he came aboard the Tyee the morning after Brand Connor sailed. I was in my cabin catching up on some entries in my diary, and I heard a shout from the deck: "Oh, Doctor. Maluk's here to see you."

I hurried above, highly curious. I don't know what I expected to find—an Oriental potentate, perhaps, attended by swamis in turbans and caressing a pet leopard—but the forlorn figure I discovered was as absurd a contrast as could have been imagined. One of the sailors was hosing down the afterdeck. Maluk, immaculately dressed, squatted on a stanchion, alone and neglected, gingerly lifting the pointed toes of his patent-leather shoes out of the stream of water that coursed past him. He saw me and

rose, hastily removing one gray glove and bowing unctuously.

"Doctor Macauley. I know I have interrupted you." His pince-nez glasses bobbed precariously on the bridge of his nose, giving his flat Asiatic face an almost Occidental look—I wondered fleetingly whether that was the reason he wore them. He had the solid build of a jujitsu artist. "Please forgive me."

"Not at all," I said. "Come in."

"No. No, please." His pince-nez glasses wobbled in protest. "No; I am intruding on your work. I only came to express the hope that you will do me the honor of dining with me Sunday."

I was a little taken aback. "Why



"I was *not* trying to put propaganda leaflets in his pocket, officer. I was merely trying to pick his pocket!"

... that's exceedingly kind of you."

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," he apologized. "It is a little dinner for Lieutenant Trane and his wife. The lieutenant returns this week-end, you know."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't know," I said, surprised. I wondered for a fleeting moment how Maluk knew. "I don't think even his wife has heard."

"It is my wish to offer my poor hospitality," said Maluk, clasping his hands, "in appreciation of the service he is contributing to our defense. We of the islands owe a great debt to the valiant men of our navy who are protecting us in these warlike times." He seemed to fold each sentence over and crease it neatly, like a piece of stationery. "Would you extend my invitation to Mr. Huneker also?" he added. "I trust he will be here?"

"Oh, I'm sure he will," I said. "I'll be glad to tell him."

"Thank you, Doctor. Again I hope you will forgive me for interrupting you. I'm so sorry."

He turned, smiling, and at that instant the sailor fumbled the hose accidentally and a spray of water flicked over his neatly pressed trousers. A startling thing happened. Every bit of light went out of his eyes, as though somebody had snapped a switch. For

an instant they were an opaque green shot with red, like bloodstones, cold and baleful. And then the light came on again behind them, and he was smiling once more and bobbing his head and bowing and patting his gloved hands together as he toddled down the gangplank.

Huneker was unexpectedly excited when I conveyed Maluk's invitation. His black eyebrows went up and down rapidly like twin windshield wipers. "You know why he's giving the dinner, of course?"

"For Lieutenant Trane and his wife."

"Oh, no, he isn't," he said very positively. "That's just an excuse. It's for me."

"Don't you flatter yourself a little?" I said shortly. I felt my irritation mounting again.

"He wants to know where I'm going to be on Sunday."

I hesitated, a little disturbed. That possibility had not occurred to me. "Why would he want to know that?"

"That's what I'm going back to Seven Devils to find out," said Huneker suddenly. "I'm going to see what's out there that he doesn't want me to see."

Even then, as I recall, I was not too thoroughly convinced that there was anything to Huneker's suspicions. I was glad to accompany him on a second trip to the westward—I had heard of several remarkable concentrations of crested and least auklets in the vicinity of Seven Devils Island, and Huneker had assured me that we would be back by Sunday morning—but I was inclined to scoff at his elaborate precautions for secrecy. The Tyee sailed surreptitiously just before dawn the next day. Only Captain Hansen knew our destination; and to my surprise we landed, not at the base of Semichortovoi itself, but on the smaller island of Uvalga, separated from Seven Devils by a narrow and treacherous channel. "Just wanted to have a little reconnoiter first," Huneker explained mysteriously. "The main herd of sea otter usually hangs out here."

★ WE left the Tyee and started down the beach. I began to feel the utter loneliness of the place. A mist was falling, clammy and cold; it cut to the bone as we crept cautiously in a half-crouching position, keeping out of sight as much as possible behind the ledges. Only the squeal of sea gulls and the persistent hush of surf along the black reefs disturbed the silence. Offshore the long sleek strands of kelp rose and fell with the slow Pacific swells, as regular as breathing. "Watch the kelp, Doctor. They sleep on their backs out there in the kelp. Sometimes an otter will wrap a piece of kelp around him to anchor himself and rock by the hour with his eyes shut, like an old man in a hammock."

The going was hard; I was soon perspiring in spite of the cold. Uvalga was bare of vegetation, save for the rank rye grass and an occasional

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal*!

Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!



Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that gives me* an idea. Come with me, boy!



Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste *good*! Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

clump of dwarfed willows, and it was covered ankle-deep with black volcanic ashes from the eruption of Semichortovoi, a cataclysm which had blown out the whole top of the larger island a century ago and left the seven-pronged crater from which it derived its name. The loose cinders rolled like BB shot as we toiled along the beach. Our very footprints were obliterated, as though we had been walking in water. Now and then Huneker would rear to his full height and scowl at the undulating kelp, and shake his head dubiously.

"Not a sign . . ."

It was hard to believe that once every bay and inlet, from the Aleutians clear down to California, had swarmed with these rare animals. It was the sea otter that brought about the discovery of Alaska and caused a bloodier stampede than any gold rush in history. But the ensuing ruthless slaughter by the Russian *promishleniki*, and later by the fur barons from the States, had brought the species in less than two hundred years to the very brink of extinction. "Today I suppose it's the most valuable fur animal on earth," Huneker said as we paused for breath in a crevice of the rock. "The last single pelt that was legally sold, back in 1911—that was before they were protected by international law—brought almost two thousand dollars in London. You can imagine what a cargo of such skins would be worth."

"But where could they sell them?"

I asked. "Even possession now is a federal prison offense."

"China. The Orient. They still bring a premium over there." Suddenly he crouched low and held up his hand. "Look! In front of you."

All I could see was the bay and the green-and-purple kelp. And then I saw her, less than fifty yards offshore. Her wise wizened teddy-bear face was gazing moodily at the sky; she lay on her back, kicking herself along leisurely with her black clover-shaped flippers. On her chest, cradled in her forepaws, was a baby otter. The mother rocked it gently as she swam, and kissed it once with a fierce human pride. As we watched, she rolled it gently off her chest onto a bed of kelp—"The young ones," Huneker whispered, "don't even know how to swim"—and swirled and, with a single powerful kick of her flippers, dove as abruptly as though she had been yanked underwater with a string. She came up a moment later, holding something in her paws.

"Sea urchin," Huneker said. "Their main food."

Holding the spiny shell between her calloused paws like a squirrel with a nut, she mashed it and spread out the meat on her furry chest. With great delicacy she began to feed portions of the meat to the young otter drifting beside her. He took the bits in his own forepaws and devoured them hungrily. The pair moved past us casually, like a matron and her offspring in the surf at Asbury Park.

Perhaps I moved; perhaps a stray filament of scent carried out to her in the fog. Abruptly she stood on end in the water, gopherlike, her neck craning as she stared toward shore. Then, with an indignant sniff, she grabbed the young otter in her teeth by the nape of the neck and began to swim rapidly away, huffing and blowing out her mustache, occasionally pausing to rear again and shade her eyes with a forepaw as she peered back toward shore. She disappeared in the fog.

Huneker meantime had been puttering around at the base of the rocks. He called to me suddenly, a new note in his voice:

"Doctor. Come here."

I scrambled laboriously down the rocks, and stared at the narrow strip of black sand. A deep triangular wedge had been gouged at the water's edge. I looked at Huneker.

"Boat," he said briefly. "Only a short time ago."

"It might have been some natives, of course."

"Nobody lands here," he said, "unless . . ."

His voice trailed, and for a moment I thought he was indulging in another of his mysterious unfinished sentences. Then I saw that he was gazing at a large dark object almost submerged in the surf. Silently he stooped and dragged a dead sea otter onto the sand. It had been recently killed—the stain was still red on the back of its head—and its pelt was in perfect condition: the beautiful mummy-brown fur was dusted with light buff-colored guard hairs that gave it almost a grizzled silver-gray cast, and it was of such unbelievable richness and denseness that you could sink your fingers in it to the knuckles. Huneker rolled it over onto its back.

Huneker's jaw thrust out stubbornly. "We'd better get back to the ship."

★ HE strode so fast along the sandy beach that I had to trot to keep up with him. He talked rapidly over his shoulder: "They've probably spotted the Tyee by now. The only thing is for the rest of you to go back to Uliak."

"What about you?"

"I'll take a sleeping bag and some food and stay here with the dinghy. Hansen can pick me up in a couple of days."

"And Maluk's invitation?"

"Make some excuse. Tell him I'm sick. Tell him anything—just so long as he doesn't know I'm here."

Still I could not believe there was any need for all these elaborate precautions. "What are you planning?"

"When this fog shuts in a little more," he said grimly, "I'm going to row across the channel and have a little look around . . ."

There was a deliberate pause. I waited patiently.

"I think," he added, lowering his voice melodramatically, "I've got an idea now what's the secret of Seven Devils Island."



Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

His voice faded away altogether, and he patted his revolver significantly, like a hick detective. It was such an obvious gesture that I was tempted to smile. His beetling eyebrows lowered, and he scowled through his wire spectacles at the seven peaks of Semichortovoi, slowly fading in the fog.

★ I WAS still trying to think of some plausible excuse to give Maluk as I set out for his house on Sunday. I might have saved myself the trouble. He greeted me at the door, polishing his hands: "So kind of you to come, Dr. Macauley. I only



BY JOHN PRICE

"They must be Mickey Finns! Why else would we go to sleep every time?"

regret that Mr. Hunecker was unable to finish his business at Seven Devils in time to be with us also."

I was so flabbergasted that I could not speak. He smiled blandly.

"Lieutenant and Mrs. Trane are here already," he said. "Will you do me the honor of coming inside?"

Most of the guests were already gathered in the large flamboyant living room. I recognized the school-teacher and his wife, and the local marshal, a burly individual named Ventner. Eden and Jimmy Trane, patently ill at ease, were seated side by side on a plush sofa at the far end of the room, listening attentively to a small elderly man with a white goatee. Eden shot me a glance of relief as I approached.

"Dr. Macauley," Maluk said, taking my arm, "may I introduce Dr. Remmer, curator of our public museum here in Uliak. An archaeologist of distinction." His voice seemed to confer an honorary degree on Dr. Remmer. "And now please make yourselves at home."

Dr. Remmer gave me a resentful stare; evidently I had interrupted him in the midst of a discourse. He was rather mincing and effeminate, with a dull, precise way of talking and, apparently, a total lack of interest in any other subject in the world but

his own. He waited sulkily while I exchanged greetings with Jimmy and Eden, his mouth open to speak again, his hands patting his folded arms. His incompleted sentence seemed to haunt us like an accusing ghost.

"... which I have unearthed during the past year or so in some ancient village sites to the westward," he resumed impatiently at the first lapse in our conversation, "and I should be happy to show them to you. Of course, our little museum has only a modest collection as yet..."

"We'd be delighted, Dr. Remmer," said Jimmy perfunctorily. "Next Saturday night, then."

"... but through our efforts we hope to acquaint the natives of these islands with their own strange and tragic history. A history all too readily forgotten." He gave me a final indignant look, bowed to Eden, and moved away.

She let out her breath with a little sigh. "I'm so glad you got here, Doc Mac," she whispered. "My whole face is stiff from listening."

★ SHE was as lovely as ever, thoroughly poised and charming. Her thin nervous face was full of arresting shadows, her lips were parted gaily, but her eyes, turning to Jimmy, seemed to be a little thoughtful. I had not seen her since the encounter with Brand Connor. I wondered idly whether she had mentioned it to him. "I've been telling Jimmy about our nice evening, Doc Mac," she said, as though in answer to my unspoken question. "Those Arctic terns that migrate every year from Maine to Miami..."

Evidently she had not mentioned it. Our host bustled toward us again, patting his hands. "Perhaps you would care for some refreshments? Tatiana," he said curtly to a dark slim native girl seated in a corner by the window, "why don't you pass the tray of cocktails around?"

The girl rose and crossed the room obediently, her straight, high-breasted body moving with an exquisite grace. I could only guess her position in the household; Maluk had not introduced her, though obviously she was more than a servant. She began to hand out the cocktails in silence.

"Such a privilege, Mrs. Trane, having you with us in Uliak. We share your charming husband's pleasure." Maluk's pince-nez glasses bobbed effusively. "Anything we can do... You have found a house?"

"Not yet," Jimmy admitted. "Our quarters at the base aren't ready."

"If you would care to stay here..."

"Oh, we couldn't impose, of course," said Jimmy, "but that's nice of you." He added to us, surprised, as Maluk pattered away: "Wasn't that nice of him?"

The living room was overfurnished in curiously bad taste. Somehow, you would have expected it to be more subtle, more exotic. Even the Oriental decorations, I noted, were not real. The batiks on the wall were factory-stamped; there was a cheap



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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

imitation Japanese silk runner on the piano; and the Eskimo ivory ash trays had obviously been made in Japan. The only authentic *objet d'art* was a bit of carved fossil ivory on a side table near the door: a slender spoon, its handle skillfully wrought to resemble the pincer of a crab. The ivory had aged a deep brown.

"Looks like a pretty good piece," I mentioned to Eden. "It's old, all right." I picked up the spoon and fingered it thoughtfully. "I remember seeing one very much like it in the National Museum in Washington. Doctor Hrdlicka found it a couple of years ago in a mummy cave on Kagamil."

"Mummy cave?" Eden echoed incredulously.

"Oh, they used to practice mummification here in the Aleutians," I smiled. "There have been some rather interesting discoveries." I put the spoon back casually on the table. "I'll have to ask Dr. Remmer about it."

I paused. The native girl, Tatiana, was standing beside me, holding the tray of cocktails. Her dark eyes moved slowly from the ivory spoon to me.

"Well," said Jimmy, raising his cocktail, "here's to us."

Eden touched her glass to her lips; and suddenly her whole face seemed to tighten. The liquor slanted against her lips untasted. She was staring past me toward the door. Evidently what she saw had caught her off guard, and for an instant two emotions showed very clearly in her face. One was dislike. Her whole face contracted with it, and her lips, behind the glass, thinned. The other was—surprisingly—a weak and helpless eagerness that made her lovely eyes bright and hot.

The glass began to tremble, and she lowered it, its contents still untouched. Her face became a defensive mask.

Brand Connor was standing in the doorway, gazing at Eden. He moved toward us without taking his eyes

from her. His eyes were black and belligerent.

"Hello, Connor," said Jimmy, looking up with a smile as he approached. He shook his hand effusively. "Just get in?"

Brand nodded without replying. He was still staring at Eden.

"Oh," Jimmy recalled apologetically, "I don't believe you know my wife." He turned to Eden. "Mrs. Trane, this is Brand Connor. He's the one I've told you, dear, has been helping us with our coastal survey charts."

An amazing thing had happened. Brand's dark eyes had widened for an instant; his mouth sagged, his whole expression seemed stricken; he actually took a step backward, and repeated incredulously, "Mrs. Trane?" There was no mistaking the look in his eyes. It was a look of fear.

At that moment, to my relief, Maluk approached. "So sorry to interrupt," he apologized, "but dinner is waiting." He offered his arm to Eden. "If I may have the honor—"

We began to straggle toward the door. I found myself walking beside Dr. Remmer; and I recalled the ivory spoon with the carved handle. "Perhaps you could help me, Doctor," I said. "I noticed a rather unusual bit of native art over here . . ."

Dr. Remmer paused politely.

"It caught my attention," I added, turning to the side table, "because it resembled a piece of carving in the . . ." I faltered. "That's funny," lamely. "It doesn't seem to be here now."

Dr. Remmer gave me a bored glance and moved past me toward the dining room.

What is the mysterious significance of the ancient ivory spoon? Who has taken it? And why? Has it any possible bearing on what is being done to the sea otters? In next week's *Liberty* you will be amazed to learn of the dangerous game being played.

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BY ERWIN ROY

SO YOU THINK YOU HAVE TROUBLE?



BY ERNEST A. DANIELS

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

★ DO you happen to be one of those who feel that trouble has been your most loyal associate? Meet Mr. Hagopian of Wrentham, Mass.

Mr. Hagopian used to hire sixty men the year round; his personnel passed the hundred mark during the warm-weather months. Recently his labor costs have increased, although the number of his employees has decreased. And he wonders how long he will be able to keep even these.

"Ten per cent more eggs and poultry for defense and for allies!" That is his order for the year.

Think you've known trouble? Perhaps the war has added to your business headache?

Not long ago Mr. Hagopian had to empty his incubators of 75,000 half-hatched chicks. He threw away 25,000 another time. Not even a farmers' farmer can compete with the eight-

and ten-dollar-per-day wages semi-skilled workers are receiving on defense projects.

Mr. Hagopian operates the world's largest Rhode Island Red poultry farm—and the world's largest of anything is big. Redbird Farm eggs, however, seldom reach your table. They are breeders' eggs, laid by such superior hens—90,000 of them—that the eggs are hatched, and the chicks are sold to commercial hatcheries and to farmers who supply the table trade.

Other breeds and certain crossbred types for specific purposes, such as roasters, broilers, sex identification at birth, and extra large white eggs, are also raised at Redbird Farm.

Think you've known trouble? Perhaps you got along on next to nothing during that bad spell, with the wolf eyeing the little you had?

Few of us would contemplate the early economies of Mr. Hagopian's career, eating heaven knows what, sleeping when he could and where. He had one friend in the world, an elderly woman of Wrentham, who be-

lieved in him so unswervingly he could not fail her. Boasting a capital of almost twenty-five dollars, he started his mighty breeding institution in 1910 with forty-five hens and three roosters.

Today Redbird hatching eggs and chicks are shipped to thirty-seven states of the Union and to nine foreign countries. For a half mile one can drive past huge multiple-storied hen houses. Some of them shelter 12,000 birds at a time; one holds 20,000. A right-angle road saunters nearly as far in another direction, similarly lined with three- and four-storied hen apartment houses. From the air the red buildings, with their aluminum ventilators, look like some huge defense plant—and that is just what Redbird Farm is today.

Think you've known trouble? No doubt you had to learn your business at the very time you least could afford mistakes?

Besides having nearly twenty-five dollars, Mr. Hagopian started without knowledge of the hen business. And, to top that off, he had a vocabulary of twenty-five alleged English words.

But the neighbors soon began to realize that the little Armenian who stared at them with such steady, strange eyes was a man of his word. He paid a bill in full many a time, they knew, on an empty stomach. Disease more than once almost wiped out his entire flock. An unexpected cold spell froze to death birds representing the labor and investment of an entire year just when he began to feel that he was getting places.

If you drive into the main entrance at Redbird today, you will find on your left a large modern office and a staff of busy stenographers. For most of the business is conducted sight unseen via the mails. Before you will be a building housing a battery of electric incubators. You could almost drive your car into each one of them.

On the right, you may enter the grain-mixing room, a veritable factory. Tons and tons of grains are blown upstairs, and by gravity are fed into the huge mixers below, only to be blown back again into storage bins. Some idea of the size of Redbird Farm operations may be gained from the fact that when cod-liver oil was available it used to be delivered in ten-ton truckloads of fifty-gallon drums.

And now that Uncle Sam wants more eggs, more poultry, Mr. Hagopian is one of the men upon whom he may rely to deliver handsomely—despite labor shortages, despite higher feed prices, despite lower profits.

Without benefit of new equipment, Redbird Farm undoubtedly will boast 100,000 heavy-laying, breeding birds before the end of 1943! For the quiet little man, who never seems to be bossing at all, has in reality perfected a personal supervision so effective his huge organization runs like a well tuned motor.

Now, if you still think you've licked trouble, let me tell you that Mr. Hagopian was born and still is totally blind.

THE END

PRETTY NURSES ARE DANGEROUS

Starlight and romance, youth and beauty like a shining banner—that was Sherry Lee. And there was a young man. His grin did something queer to her heart

BY WINIFRED WADELL

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

★ IF you were a man, Sherry Lee reminded you of moonlight and magnolia blossoms, of starlight and romance, of every sweet and lovely thing you had ever known or dreamed.

If you were also a soldier, bewildered by the sudden shift from the usual and familiar, Sherry Lee was all this and more. She was the girl back home, an ideal come true. But if you were a woman—say, general supervisor of nurses in one of the hastily constructed hospitals somewhere in the Middle West—Sherry Lee was a disturbing element, a thorn in the flesh, flaunting her youth and beauty like a shining banner.

To Lieutenant Moffett, beauty like Sherry's was an annoyance. You always had trouble with pretty nurses. These were serious times. Why hadn't this girl stayed on the old plantation in Georgia, or wherever it was she had come from?

Lieutenant Moffett studied the girl through thick-lensed glasses, her round florid face creased into lines of disapproval. Ash-blond hair, blue eyes, skin as fresh as a baby's, a sweet mouth and firmly rounded chin, and, to top it all, a beautiful voice—low-pitched, musical.

It was too much. She would disrupt the entire army. It was inevitable. It was biological. It was one of the many things you had to cope with when you were appointed to the army corps.

A stalwart young orderly came to the door, and when Sherry turned, his mouth fell open and he stammered helplessly. That proved her point. Men were fools.

"Well, well, Cramer," Lieutenant Moffett bellowed, "have you lost your tongue?"

"Lieutenant Perry collapsed in contagion," he managed. "They're short—"

"She would! Has she been put to bed?"

The orderly nodded and hastily departed, his face red above his immaculate white coat.

"You'll be assigned to contagion, Lieutenant Lee."

"Thank you," Sherry said, as if the older woman had conferred a favor.

"What for? There's an epidemic of measles. It's no picnic."

"I didn't come here expecting a picnic." The words were a gentle rebuke.

Contagion would be as safe as any place for this little flower from the deep South, Lieutenant Moffett reflected; she'd lose that young enthusiasm in short order. There is no place for sweetness and light in an army hospital.

Private Jim Holden had measles and a grouch. He had red hair and a temper. When Sherry held his big wrist in her slim fingers he didn't open his eyes. When she asked how he was feeling he growled, "Go away!"

"I won't go away till I've taken your temperature," Sherry said in her lovely voice.

"But you've got buck teeth or a squint or both," Private Holden muttered under his breath. "Pretty girl, rasping voice. Ugly girl, nice voice. Nature evens things up that way."

"What are you mumbling about? Open your mouth."

"I said, 'Go away!' Go away and let me die!"

Sherry laughed. "Who ever heard of anybody dying of measles?"

"I know all about measles. I've had them four times. I'm allergic to measles."

"My Aunt Dot was, too," Sherry said brightly. "Had them, off and on, till she died. Whenever there was a crisis in our family, Aunt Dot had measles. Open your mouth!"

Private Holden opened his mouth and his eyes simultaneously. He stared

at Sherry as if he had never seen the like before. "Say something," he urged. "They've switched nurses while my eyes were closed."

Sherry popped a thermometer in his mouth. His eyes were brown, not blue as she had supposed. He was good-looking even with measles.

"Talk," Private Holden tried to say, the thermometer bobbing about in his mouth.

She adjusted it without a word, her eyes on her wrist watch. When she removed it, she wrote something on a chart and departed, her starched uniform making a swishing accent to each silent step, her rubber-soled white shoes making no sound on the wooden floor.

So Private Holden didn't know till she brought soup and an anemic-looking pudding that the voice really went with Sherry.

"I hope you're feeling better."

"You probably have a mean, vicious nature," Private Holden said, and grinned at her; and that grin, wide and toothy, did something queer to Sherry's heart.

"You *are* feeling better," she smiled at him gently.

"I'm resigned, that's all." He looked at the tray with distaste. "Must I eat that gooey stuff?"

"It's pudding, very good for you."

"Ice cream is good for me, too. I like ice cream."

"You do? So do I. It runs in our family. My Uncle Joe can eat two quarts at one sitting; half chocolate, half vanilla."

"You don't say. One quart is as much as I'm able to manage at a session. I prefer chocolate."

Sherry laughed. "Uncle Joe says there's something wrong with a person who doesn't like chocolate. Do you think that's true?"

"Undoubtedly. The world is made up of people who eat chocolate and people who don't. I'm sure all the

He kissed her thoroughly.
Lieutenant Moffett stood
like an angel of vengeance.



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

SAVE

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VIGOROUSLY**



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worth-while things have been accomplished by chocolate eaters."

"Oh, but definitely."

They were having a wonderful time when Lieutenant Moffett stalked in, cold disapproval on her broad face.

"I hate to interrupt this little chat," she said in her gruff voice, "but there are duties elsewhere to be performed; or maybe you didn't know"—looking at Sherry's face, flushed and happy and young, wanting to wipe away that eager aliveness. "This is a hospital, not a recreation hall."

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant Moffett." Sherry departed, her slim shoulders erect.

★ IN the nurses' mess hall Sherry sat at a table with a tall thin nurse, a short stocky nurse, and a pretty dark nurse neither short nor tall. The first day they eyed Sherry with three pairs of coldly speculative eyes, they decided she was too pretty to be a good nurse and began baiting her with unconscious cruelty.

"So you're from the South," the tall thin nurse started it off. "Do tell us about it."

"It's not so different, really. What would you like to know?" Sherry was having her soup, daintily and quite properly.

The stocky nurse gulped, her head bent over her plate. "Do you live on a big plantation?" she managed between gulps.

"No."

"I suppose your parents disowned you when you decided to become a nurse. In the South it simply isn't done," the pretty nurse said.

"My parents are dead. My father was killed in the last World War. My mother struggled along till I was ten; then she died, and I went to live with my uncle and aunt. I have no brothers or sisters; I have a lot of cousins. I consider it a privilege being appointed to serve in the army. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

"Score one for the South," the thin nurse said, and after that they were more friendly. But they didn't accept Sherry—not quite. They soon discovered that she was an excellent nurse, that she didn't shirk her duties, that she took a personal interest in each patient.

"The sprained ankle in number eleven is crazy about ginger cookies. His mother sends them every week. She calls him 'Jimmy.'" Or: "Number twenty-eight showed me a picture of his girl. She's a telephone operator in Cleveland. He's making big plans for the future. With that heart condition, I wonder if there'll be any future . . ."

They weren't just cases to Sherry. They were human beings, with their own problems, their own hopes and aspirations. And in a few cases there was resentment, aimed at some power higher up. "Why must I be in this man's army? I didn't want to come here. I had planned to do this, or that, and training to be a soldier had no part in it."

Jim Holden was one of them, she

found out the second day. "I have a job waiting for me as soon as I'm out of here. On a newspaper."

"This is your job now."

"It's not of my choosing. Don't preach at me, for heaven's sake."

"I'm not going to preach at you. You'll have to work it out for yourself. You're full of your own importance. Well, I don't think you or your silly job are very important right now."

"So you're carrying a torch. How charming!" Jim Holden laughed shortly, but his brown eyes were puzzled. "I don't get it—America, land of the free. Who's free?"

"You are; I am," Sherry said.

"You believe that, don't you?"

"I believe in America. My father believed in America, and my grandfather before him . . ."

After a week: "Will you marry me?"

"You're delirious," Sherry said.

"I'm not. I'm in love with you."

"And if I marry you, just what do you expect to do with me?"

"Put you in a pumpkin shell, so no other man can look at you."

"Sounds boring. There's a rule against married nurses."

"You can't make me believe you want to do this. What's so noble about carrying trays, making beds, listening to a bunch of roughnecks grouch?"

"They're not all like you. Some of them don't grouch."

"If I had a moon I might persuade you to marry me."

"There's a rule against it."

"I know. The whole damned army is run according to rule. You're not supposed to fall in love with any one below you in rank. I suppose there's a rule against moonlight, and being young, and wanting something out of life. I'm sick of rules."

"Your parents must be proud of you—wanting to shirk your duty, break the rules, get by with the least effort."

"You might be surprised to know, but my dad is all whooped up about patriotism, America forever. He thinks I'll get some sort of vision. Knight-in-armor sort of thing. The only vision I've had is you."

★ JIM'S parents had a ranch twenty miles from Lincoln, Nebraska. He was their only son. His sister was married and lived near by. It sounded wonderful—just the sort of family she'd like for her own.

Sherry sat in her small room, exactly like every other room in the large barracks, and thought it all out. Jim Holden said he was in love with her. It was the easy way, of course, to marry him and let the future take care of itself. The army could worry along without her. Lieutenant Moffett didn't want her here. She'd be rid of her if she could. She was sure, at times, the older woman actually hated her.

Sherry cried a little, and went to bed. She was lonely, and she wanted to look at the moon with Private Jim Holden. . . .

So the day he was released from the hospital she took him a dish of choco-

late ice cream, and refused, quite firmly, to go out with him that evening.

"If you happen to change your mind, I'll be at the Red Lantern with a girl named Flossie. She has a heart, and she thinks I'm pretty much all right. You're too beautiful to have a heart. You're a bundle of rules and regulations." He glared at her. "I'm going to get plastered, and to hell with everything!"

"Please don't. You're not strong yet. You've had measles."

"You're telling me! Wish I could get over you as easily as I got over measles."

"I'm sure Flossie can help you there," Sherry said—and suffered an acute attack of jealousy, which was new to her, for Sherry had never had reason to be jealous of another woman before.

The open admiration of the other patients didn't cheer her any. A bundle of rules and regulations. She went through her duties mechanically. Lieutenant Moffett, meeting her in the hall, noted the absence of Sherry's usual quick smile, and wondered what was wrong. Lieutenant Lee was no doubt learning to control her young exuberance. The older nurse sighed, remembering that she had been young like that once. After a while you wondered what it was you had laughed about. Well, what was there to laugh about?

But she snapped at the pretty dark nurse, whose name was Jetta Mayfair,

and said there was no reason for being grouchy; a smile didn't cost anything.

Jetta was grouchy because she had all but asked Jim Holden to take her out that evening. He had grinned at

den," the man said, looking at her with Jim's brown eyes.

"He's got measles," the woman said with some pride. "He has them over and over. We thought we'd come and cheer him up a bit."

"Surprise him," Jim's father added, before Sherry could speak.

"Private Holden was released from the hospital today," Sherry said. "You—you haven't been to the barracks?"

"No; we came straight here." They started to turn away. "Thank you, nurse. Wouldn't mind being sick myself if I could have a pretty girl like you look after me." The old man chuckled.

"Wait in the reception room. I'll find him for you," Sherry promised.

And because two old people were waiting for their son, and because she couldn't bear to have them disappointed, Sherry jumped out of a taxi in front of the Red Lantern ten minutes later. If old Moffett ever found this out, it would be the finish for Lieutenant Sherry Lee. That wasn't important at the moment. Jim had said he would be at the Red Lantern with a girl named Flossie, and that he intended to get plastered.

Sherry hesitated at the door. A radio blared a popular swing tune. A few couples danced in the narrow space in the center. She saw the girl first, holding a glass high, shouting something to a soldier at the next table. Then the music stopped abruptly, and she saw Jim rise to his feet unsteadily.



"We have one at home, but it's me!"

her and said, "Against the rules, my pretty. Find yourself a captain."

Jim's parents arrived at nine o'clock, unannounced. Sherry was making her final rounds when she saw them wandering about uncertainly. A tall, stooped man and a round dumpling of a woman.

"We're looking for Private Jim Hol-

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Go Singing in the Rain

Like Kessler's, April is a month
Of pleasant things well-blended-

One taste of silky Kessler's and
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"Say that again and I'll knock a couple of teeth down your throat!" he shouted.

"I say this is a hell of a country!" the girl said. "Who cares what happens to it?"

Sherry called, "Jim!" But her voice was lost in the general confusion. Jim's red head disappeared under the table, but only for an instant, and he was on his feet again, flaying out wildly with both arms, swaying drunkenly. The girl laughed shrilly, her head thrown back, her little white teeth gleaming. The second time Jim went down for the count, and the girl walked away with the winner, barely glancing at the prone figure on the floor.

Jim looked at Sherry dazedly. "What are you doing here? This is no place for you."

"Doesn't seem to be the place for you, either." Sherry helped him to his feet. "Here, lean on me." No one paid any attention to them. The music had started again, and a fight was more or less the usual thing at the Red Lantern.

In the taxi, Jim slumped. "A little woozy," he mumbled. "Did you hear what that so-and-so was saying? Up to us to exterminate people like that."

Sherry's eyes were shining. "I'm proud of you, but it was a foolish thing to do. If you must fight, wait till you're stronger."

"I've decided to help you carry the torch." He grinned at her feebly, and it was at that moment she knew there

would never be any other man for her.

"Your parents are here. They're waiting for you."

"Gosh!"

Jim had a cut over one eye and his nose was bleeding.

"I'll fix you up. We'll have to hurry."

She didn't stop to think of the consequences, but if she had she'd have done the same thing. She helped Jim down the narrow hall to the nurses' quarters and into her own room, where she bathed his face with very cold water and dressed the cut on his forehead.

Jim was almost sober by now.

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"As soon as we can finish up the little matter of saving the country."

"But can't we save it together?"

"No. This is my job now. When it's finished—"

"When it's finished—" he repeated.

He got up out of the straight chair and took her in his arms; then kissed her quite thoroughly.

"Your parents are waiting for you in the reception room," she said.

She turned. Lieutenant Moffett stood regarding them like the angel of vengeance.

"Report to my office, Lieutenant Lee," she said, and stalked down the hall.

"I won't leave you to face that old battle-ax alone! I'll tell her a thing or two."

"Go tell your father about that fight, instead. He'll be pleased." She

smiled at him radiantly. "Lieutenant Moffett has been waiting for me to break one of the rules. I went the whole way after I started. Lieutenant Sherry Lee dishonorably discharged from the army. I know I was right, so I'm happy."

Lieutenant Moffett was anything but happy. There had never been a scandal since she had become supervisor of nurses. There had been minor indiscretions, but she had closed her eyes to them. Lieutenant Sherry Lee was a bad influence for the other nurses. Too pretty to have any morals.

She looked up, her eyes gimletlike behind her glasses. "Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much for myself. I want to tell you about Private Holden."

"Private Holden doesn't come under my supervision."

But Sherry told the story, omitting nothing, concluding with "So I hope it won't be made too hard for him. The army needs men like Private Holden."

"You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"Yes. He has asked me to marry him."

That would be an out. After all, a scandal would reflect on the whole army nurses' corps.

"If you could be married right away, I might forget what happened tonight," Lieutenant Moffett compromised.

"It's kind of you, but I can't think of my own happiness now. Some day, after all this"—she spread her slim hands—"is settled."

"You're a fool," Lieutenant Moffett said.

"Maybe," Sherry agreed. "Did you ever believe in something? Something bigger than you are? I wanted to work here. I still do. If you feel you must send me away, then I'll find some other place to help."

"If you're discharged, you're finished in the army."

"Yes, I know."

"Nurses can't go out with privates. It's strictly against the rules."

"Jim won't be a private long. He's going to work hard—earn a commission."

★ SHE was so young, so sure of herself. Refusing to compromise. Something bigger than you are. Lieutenant Moffett sighed. She had lost the dream some place along the way. Maybe she could find it again. Maybe this girl could help her find it. She made a quick decision.

"I'm going to give you another chance. I don't know why. Getting soft in my old age." She blew her nose loudly. "Maybe rules are made to be broken—sometimes."

These young people, with their foolhardy gallantry, refusing to take their happiness when it was offered them. Well, older people could be gallant, too, and foolhardy. Lieutenant Moffett lifted one hand in a grave salute. A salute for Sherry Lee and Young America.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR



CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★ THIS is an open letter to the Army . . . the apron-string Army. On many occasions I have listened to them, the mothers of draftees—and each one has her song of woe.

What I want to say to those mothers is this. Would you *really* want your son to stay at home while other boys fight his battles? Would you *really* want to look back, when this war is all over, and know that he had shirked his duty? I doubt that you would dare answer "yes." If you have never let your boy stand on his own two feet, then this is a good time to begin. Be thankful that he is fighting for a winning cause, that he has the health and strength to fight for it.

Oh, you think I don't know what it means to be separated from an only son, how lonely you are, how much you ache to hold him in your arms just once more? Yes, I know. My only boy is out there on Bataan, and I worship him.

There is one thing we mothers *can* do, in our small way. Send our men away smiling, and keep them smiling with *cheerful* letters. That's our job. Let's do it.

*A Soldier's "Mom,"
Texarkana, Tex.*

Any comment from me would be out of order.

Here's another bet for you to settle. Had General MacArthur been a full general before he was appointed to that rank last December? A buck will get me ten if he was.

*Pvt. C. D. W.,
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.*

Where'll we go on that party, soldier? General MacArthur was first appointed to that grade in 1930 and reappointed in 1941.

I seldom see anything about one of the most important of all Army services. Who takes care of our soldiers' health in war and peace? The Medical

Corps. Keep 'Em Flying and Keep 'Em Rolling are all right, but how about Keep 'Em Fit?

Pvt. S. J. M., Sumter, S. C.

If the Medical Corps needs a new slogan, that's a dandy, but I doubt that it does. The record speaks for itself—last official year the Army death rate was the lowest in Army history, 2.8 a thousand, and, at that, the major cause of death was automobile accidents, not disease.

You've run several items about government life insurance but I hope you can stand one more. Is it still possible for a selectee to sign up for it even though he's been in the Army several months?

*Pvt. H. A. S.,
Windsor Locks, Conn.*

That's a timely question because the government is giving all service men an extra opportunity. Until April 19, 1942, any member of the armed forces on active service December 20, 1941, who is not protected by government insurance or who wishes to increase his coverage up to the limit of \$10,000, may apply for it without taking a physical examination. Every man has 120 days from the time he goes into service to take out a policy. After that period he can still apply, but he must take and pass a physical exam.

There has been a lot of controversy over the proper nicknames of the reconnaissance car and the bantam car and the misuse of "jeep" for both. Out here we call the big one a barouche and the little one a sulky. How's that?

*Staff Sgt. B. J. D.,
Fort Lewis, Wash.*

Back to the Gay Nineties and the horse-and-buggy days, eh? Well, I'll take almost anything as a solution to the "jeep" problem if we can get it finally settled. Readers and editors have been going nuts over the question of "When is a jeep not a jeep?" and "If it's not a jeep what is it?" Do you know?

I want to transfer from my present outfit to the Air Corps ground crew because I love planes. I've had a

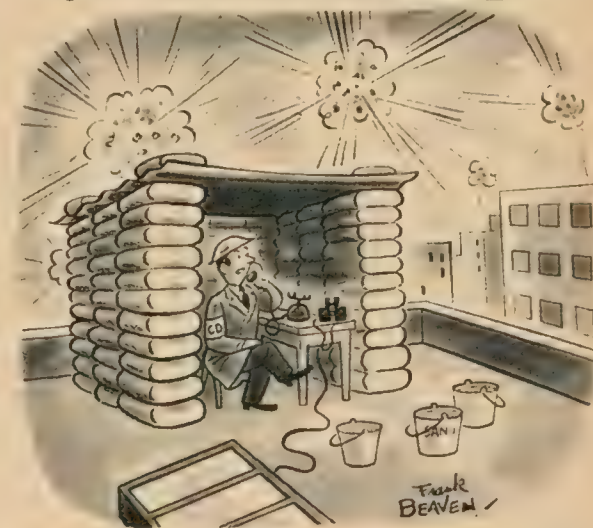
course in aircraft construction, and I've worked as riveter and assembly man. What's the correct procedure?

Pvt. W. F., Fort Benning, Ga.

My latest information is that such transfers will be approved only "for the convenience of the government." However, if you have a skill which cannot be used where you are and *can* be used in the Air Corps, you might talk with your C. O. about it and, if he approves, put your application through the proper channels as he directs.

In my opinion, the best story that came out of World War I went like this. A slacker passed all the physical tests with a bang, except the optical. He simply couldn't see a thing—even the first three letters on the chart were beyond him. Finally the examiner said, "Well, here, dammit, can you tell me what this is?" and snatched up the top of a new G. I. can and held it before the man's eyes. "Oh, yes, sir," he chirped; "I can see it perfectly." "Well, what is it?" "A silver half dollar, sir." *J. J. W., Houston, Tex.*

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.



"Send up a toasted cream cheese and a cup of— Is some one shooting firecrackers down there?"

WITHOUT MERCY



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT,

COMPLETE IN
THESE TWO PAGES

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

★ THE man in the black uniform threw open the folding doors behind which he had been standing in close listening attention. The gesture was sudden and almost violent, as though he had expected to surprise some hostile trespasser. But the vast room into which he led the way was superbly empty. A magnificent mahogany table stretched along the wall facing the tall French windows and the balcony from which a flag drooped in heavy rain-soaked folds. Behind the table and under a man's portrait on which the light concentrated with theatrical intensity, twelve chairs were ranged. In the middle of the table was

a small bronze casket. All these features were correct and familiar. Yet Ullrich Bohlen considered each of them in turn, seeming to suspect some change beneath their apparent rigid conformity to custom.

He gave an order. The two soldiers at his heels began a systematic inspection. They tapped the walls and examined the vast chimney behind the baroque mantelpiece. They worked rapidly and efficiently. When they had finished, Bohlen stood with his arms outstretched while they ran their hands over him. In turn they searched each other. All this was done dispassionately, as a matter of routine. The task accomplished, the soldiers ranged themselves stolidly on either side of

the open door, and Bohlen took up his place at the head of the table. His lean dark face, which once had been handsome, stared back at him from a mirror. It had a blurred look like that of a photograph taken slightly out of focus.

But he continued to listen. Beyond the tense immediate silence his ear, trained to the evaluation of every sound, made note of the dark murmur that rose from the invisible street beneath the balcony. It was like the murmur of the sea. Actually it was the murmur of a people. He had heard it often enough before; but in those other days it had had a different quality.

Men were coming down the marble corridor. Their footsteps sounded measured and ominous. They entered in silence, cautiously separate. There were ten of them. They wore various

uniforms. They were of all ages. They had nothing in common but the insignia on their arm bands and their expression, which was hard, somber, and wary. They too appeared to be listening to the murmur and to be estimating it.

They took their places at the table, standing. The two soldiers passed behind them, slapping them over methodically. They then drew to attention.

"Everything in order, general."

Bohlen touched a bell concealed under the table edge.

The answering footsteps were light and staccato, like those of a dancer dancing to some secret rhythm on the dark floor of those disembodied voices. The man who entered was the man of the portrait. His gesture of greeting was fluttering, almost womanish and indefinably menacing.

The whole room seemed to stiffen to attention. But the voices outside paid no heed. They flowed on inexorably, beating against the walls under the balcony.

"Be seated, gentlemen."

The chairs scraped softly. As was his custom, Ullrich Bohlen remained standing, watchful for the slightest gesture of authority—or betrayal.

For a moment the room was given over to silence. The twelve men were listening to what lay beyond it. They were like surgeons counting the heartbeats of a delirious patient.

The man in the carved chair, since he sat in their midst, could not see their faces without turning to the right or left. And this he did not deign to do.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you know why I have summoned you. There have been rumors, spread by our enemies, of a serious break-through—of a disastrous situation along our whole front. You should have crushed such fabrications—"

"My Leader," one of the men said, "they are not fabrications."

"Nor are they the truth—not so long as I am alive. You should have more faith, gentlemen. My star may seem dimmed to your eyes. Actually it is approaching its brightest hour. Have patience. Tomorrow you will see it again. There will be a miracle."

They sat forward, each trying to catch a glimpse of his face. They were like marionettes whose strings have slipped from the controlling hand and who assume spontaneous grotesque attitudes of their own. It was true, of course. He had performed miracles.

He drew the casket closer to him and opened it.

"But first, gentlemen, I require a great act of sacrifice and courage from one of you. I trust you all. The honor is in the hands of destiny."

A faint gleam of ironical amusement spread over the frozen faces. They knew the ritual. As each man dipped his hand into the casket, it was with resignation to an already accomplished fact. By some unfathomed legerdemain, destiny would now confirm it.

"Ullrich—"

The man Ullrich Bohlen came for-

ward and drew his number and laid it on the table. It corresponded to the number in the soft small hand outstretched as though to meet his own. His face was blank.

"As ever—I am at your orders, my Leader."

"Gentlemen, you are dismissed. You may reassure the people. While I live, they shall not be cheated of the fruits of their heroic sacrifices."

Old phrases—shopworn. They were hard, distrustful men. Still, it was true about those miracles. It would not be wise to lose faith too soon.

The room emptied. The two soldiers withdrew, closing the doors after them. Bohlen had taken up the little slip of paper and was twisting it between his fingers.

"Ullrich—it was my wish that you should be chosen. And you see—destiny is still my servant. I knew I could trust you. The others are like hovering vultures. But I know your metal. I have tested it a hundred times."

"Yes, my Leader."

"I tried it in fire," I said to myself. 'I will test this man's love as no love has ever been tested.' I ordered men who pretended to be my enemies to capture and torture you. Do you remember? Yes—I see you do. But they could not make you betray me. I was listening, Ullrich. I was without mercy. I exulted in your pain—and in your fidelity. I had your father shot without trial. Your mother, I believe, died insane. Your fiancée killed herself. You did not even plead for them. You had no father, no mother, no love—only me."

The voice thrilled with a sort of ecstasy. The man Ullrich bowed his head in assent.

"No greater love— But then, Ullrich, in all history there has never been a greater man. If I died now, history would acknowledge me. It would say, 'He died undefeated and undefeatable.'"

"Yes, my Leader. Indeed, it would be in all the history books."

"And it would be true. No one could have defeated me if I had had a people worthy of me. But then, perhaps no people could have been worthy of me."



"How often," he said, "have I sat yearning to hold just such a little thing as this."

Ullrich, the weapon in my hand was flawed. In the hour of trial it has broken—"

"So, my Leader, it is not a rumor—"

"No. Everything is finished. Napoleon and I—" The voice, that had been pitched too high, cracked. Bohlen turned his face away from what he did not want to see. "Ullrich, do you remember what they did to Napoleon? It was nothing to what they would do to me. They would drag me through the mud, cage me like an animal, hold me up to the world's ridicule. You must not let that happen, Ullrich. You must save me. You must put me out of reach of those filthy hands stretched out to tear me down. You must put me among the martyrs and the immortals. History will say of me then, 'In the hour of his greatest victory, when he was about to fling his enemies from their moment's triumph to final defeat, he was shot down by a traitor—'"

Bohlen turned again. There was something on the table that had not been there before—a neat silver-handled revolver. On the butt his initials had been inlaid in gold. "Do you remember? I gave it you on that June night—nearly nine years ago."

"Yes, I remember."

"You used it faithfully—on your best friend. Use it faithfully now. Save me, Ullrich—save my legend."

Bohlen balanced the weapon in his hand.

"How often, my Leader," he said softly, "have I sat opposite you, looking at your heart, yearning to hold just such a little thing as this—just for an instant. I have imagined the blood oozing through your tunic—the pain and horror on your face. It was like the ecstasy of love, the hate I felt for you—a lust of hatred. But I had planned your safety too well. Only you could have entered this room with such a weapon—" He looked up. The white aghast face opposite him seemed to be disintegrating—to be falling to pieces like a long dead thing exposed suddenly to light and air. "Did you really think, my dear Leader, that you could do such things to a man who had loved you as he should have loved his God, and that he would not live to punish you—biding his time?"

The face whispered: "Very well, Judas. Your time has come. Shoot."

Bohlen cocked his head. He went over to the windows and tore them open. The murmur became a roar—savage, torrential, filling the room with menace. The man in the chair recoiled from it—throwing up his hands as though to ward off an invisible assault. Bohlen sauntered back.

"My Leader," he said, "in all my imaginings I never imagined how sweet it would be"—he laid the revolver gently on the table—"to let you live."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.



McGee gets family help solving a puzzle. Here are Marion, Kay, and Jim, Jr.
Above: Jim and Marion Jordan (Fibber and Molly to you) inspect some prize pups.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Close-up, 1942! . . . Some heartening things you may not know about the rise of radio's Mr. and Mrs. No. 1

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The script goes like this:

GALE: Where's the snow shovel?

FIBBER: Right in here.

MOLLY: Where, McGee?

FIBBER: Right here in the hall clos—
(Door open. Terrific avalanche of junk. Bell tinkle. Pause.)

FIBBER: Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

★ FORTY million radio listeners—which is a lot of people—are still waiting for Fibber McGee to clean out that closet.

Each Tuesday night at 9.30 Eastern War Time they set their dials to NBC's Red Network stations and chuckle over the adventures of radio's most beloved—and believable—couple, Fibber McGee and Molly.

The Fibber McGees—Jim and Marion Jordan of Peoria, Illinois, in real life—were a complete failure some years ago. It wasn't their fault. They were a vaudeville team. Vaudeville failed. They failed with it. They should have known enough to quit then. They didn't. Probably for two reasons: they were both Irish; no one thought to tell them they were through.

Today (they will celebrate their seventh anniversary on the networks for the same sponsor—the Johnson Wax people—about the time you read this) Fibber McGee and Molly top every radio show on the air with a Crossley rating of 42.8. If you like mathematics, each point on a Crossley rating equals between 800,000 and 1,000,000 listeners and you can work it out from there.

Jim and Marion Jordan are something of an anomaly in the entertainment field. To begin with, they are, themselves, honest, simple, unpretentious people—much like the small-town home-loving characters on their radio program. If you were born to extreme wealth or extreme poverty and never got away from either, you may not know them. Under any other circumstances, you do—and probably have a hall closet of your own that could do with a bit of straightening out.

Life began at forty for the people at 79 Wistful Vista. And Jim and

Marion Jordan still haven't quite caught their breath over the fact that they are the most solid smash in radio.

They are touchingly, sincerely grateful for a success that is well deserved. Their climb to the peak was one of the longest, toughest in the history of show business. Neither of them en route was ever heard to make a contemptuous remark about fellow entertainers in the most competitive business in the world.

Fibber McGee and Molly—one of the funniest programs on the air—is distilled from two decades of heart-break.

To understand the success of the program it is necessary to look backward into the private lives of Jim and Marion Jordan, and to pull from the background two men whose talents and faith and unceasing work have helped build that success upon the bedrock of popularity. It is the story of four friends.

In 1918, as today, a war was raging. To two kids who had met while singing in a Peoria choir and had fallen in love, it posed the same problem. Should they get married?

Jim and Marion Jordan did. The date—August 21, 1918. Jim was twenty-one; Marion, seven months younger. Five days after they were married Jim sailed for Europe on a troopship. They had talked it out

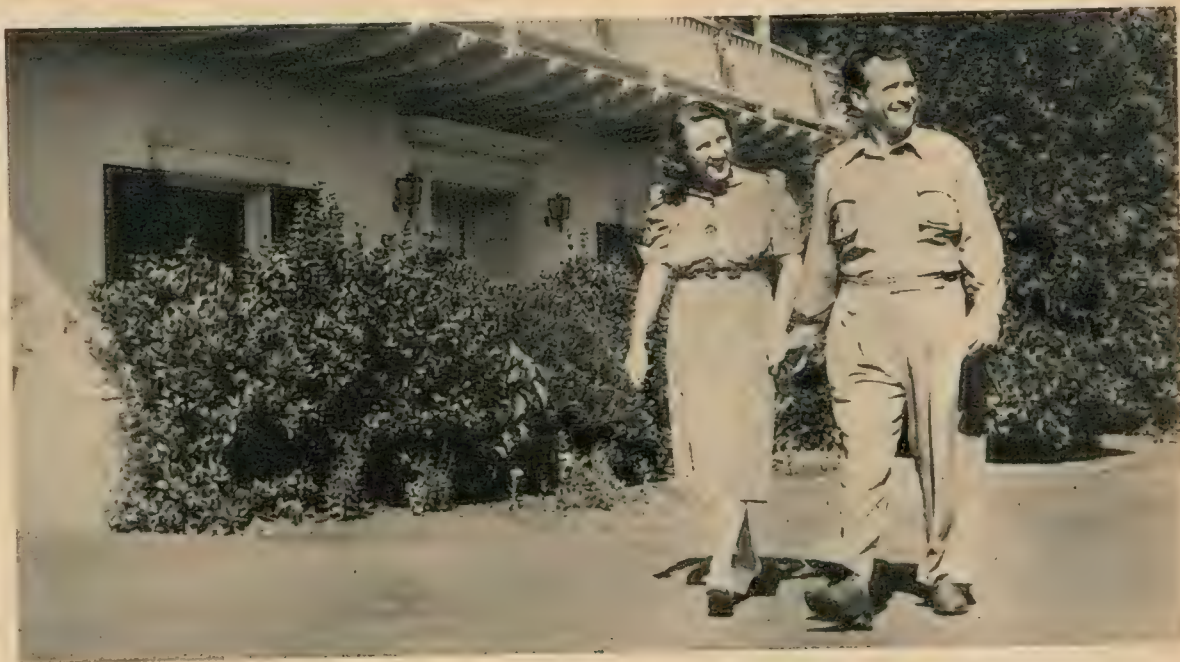
before they got married. Marion was certain she could support herself while Jim was gone by giving piano lessons. She did.

Upon his return Jim took the first job Peoria had to offer—that of a mechanic in a machine shop. Then he sold washing machines. Then insurance. Then he paraded his five feet six up and down Peoria streets delivering mail. And then Marion—who rides kindly wifely herd on Fibber "Dearie" McGee on the radio—noticed something. Jim was not happy, not content. He had not found the job he wanted to do in life.

She noticed something else. Jim was happiest on those evenings when he and Marion and another couple of their acquaintance staged little home concerts. They all sang and played various musical instruments, and that started her thinking.

So they sat down and talked that out, too. Marion's father was a miner. Jim's father was a farmer. That's how much theatrical background they inherited. But they had had a few singing and piano lessons, enough money squirreled away to buy costumes, and the Irish pluck to have a go at anything.

They formed their own "concert company." They set out to make a success of vaudeville tramping when vaudeville was dying and seasoned entertainers were huddling in bread lines.



The San Fernando home—a far cry from the cheap hotels of vaudeville days.

YOU CAN'T DO IT WITH . . .



DUDS!

Pencils that fail to perform are "duds" that slow down today's determined battle for "uninterrupted production!"

You can end this slow-up with smoother, long-lasting Ticonderoga pencils. They make short work of hard work. In fact, they make writing a joy! You'll never put up with other pencils once you've tried Ticonderogas. Standardize on this fine American pencil—make every full-speed-ahead job a reality!

*A fine American
name for a fine
American pencil
Dixon*

TICONDEROGA

Get quantity quotations on this extraordinary 5¢ pencil from your stationer.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-14, Jersey City, N. J.

The next few years were a sickening succession of tank towns, of split weeks, of one-night stands, of drafty dressing rooms and dirty alleys and cheap hotels and chair cars and bad food—when there was food.

They took it—and refused to return to Peoria. They even managed to save a little money. Which was lucky, since vaudeville was about to have its stilts kicked out from under it and Marion had decided she'd had enough. Not for herself. She'd have gone on. But she wasn't going to take two children on a tour of tank towns. Children needed a place to take root. They were washed up and Jim might go back to Peoria and carry mail, but they went to Chicago instead. And radio!

They walked around looking for a radio station and found one and went in and located the manager. He also announced, sold time on the station, owned it, and swept it out nights. They told him they wanted to sing on the air. He said O. K. and scared them numb by putting them on the air immediately.

A few days later he had them a sponsor. They were on the radio. Which sounds like a quick success story, but has a catch to it. The catch is they were paid ten dollars a week.

Having survived the lean days of aged vaudeville, they now began the struggle to survive the even more lean days of infant radio. Seemingly endless, honestly tough days when Molly had to shake off fright, sing cheerful duets over the air with Jim, scrimp, manage a household, raise two children, and—in the darker moments—give Jim the strength of her fine loyalty.

We can skip about five of those years and jump to the Wall Street crash and to the two men whose faith and work play an unpublicized but tremendously important part in the present-day success of Fibber McGee and Molly.

First, in the order of their appearance, was Don Quinn, 200 pounds of

affable and generous commercial artist. He was brilliant and a good artist—but the Wall Street crash tossed commercial art for a loss. He turned to cartoons. He drew the cartoons, supplied his own gags. The editors rejected his cartoons but bought his gags. He began to hang around Chicago radio stations.

In one of them one day he saw a gray-eyed, serious little man. He asked a friend:

"Who's that sourpuss?"

"Jim Jordan. He's a comedian."

Quinn didn't believe it—until one day Jim Jordan heard through a mutual friend that Quinn wrote gags, asked Quinn to write some for his—Jordan's—program. He's been doing it ever since—exclusively, except for a brief assignment with Olsen and Johnson—and today it pays him well into four figures a week. In those days he and Jim and Marion split three ways. A three-way split of virtually nothing.

The Jordan-Quinn combination landed Jim and Marion their first daytime serial over a network in a program called Smack-Out. In it, Jim played the role of a country general-store proprietor who was "smack out" of everything except an endless supply of tall stories.

Which takes us back once more to the Wall Street crash. In Chicago, on the very day that Wall Street folded, three men opened an advertising agency. One of these optimistic three was John Jeffry Louis, who had returned from wartime France, where he had been badly wounded while an aviator, to sell advertising.

The firm prospered and Louis entered the comparatively new field of radio advertising. He launched a radio show for S. C. Johnson & Son as early as 1932. In early 1935 he decided that that company needed another show to plug its auto polish. He wanted a comedy show. The Burlington Liars' Club of Burlington, Wisconsin, had just awarded some one the palm for a tall story. Louis de-



BY HERB WILLIAMS

"Out here 'liar' is a dangerous word. If I say they're fresh, they're fresh!"

cided he wanted a "tall story" program. He toured the country, auditioning, without finding what he wanted.

Driving to the office in Chicago one morning, he turned on his car radio—and got Smack-Out.

He called the script writer—Don Quinn—to his office, told him what he wanted. Don Quinn batted out a script (for which he got seventy-five dollars). In it Jim Jordan became "Fibber"—a tall-story teller; Marion was Molly McGee, a nagging wife with a sharp deflating tongue. They were both strictly on the "rube" side.

The program was launched—for prestige value—from New York. The date—April 16, 1935. The radio critics gave it an unmerciful kicking around. At the end of thirteen weeks the reviews were almost as lukewarm, the audience reaction mild. It was a time for tent-folding.

John Louis was stubborn. He had faith in Fibber McGee and Molly—and Don Quinn. They'd catch on. They'd click. A sponsor who may be tossing as much as \$20,000 every week into a radio program has some pretty stern counter-arguments for such predictions. Somehow John Louis overcame them.

At the end of twenty-six weeks he was still arguing that these people he'd lifted from obscurity would make the grade.

At the end of thirty-nine weeks he was as obstinate as ever, and he had a problem cut out for him. For the program was not creating a sensation.

The explanation was simple. Jim and Marion and Don Quinn simply had not yet hit their stride, had not yet got enough "feel" to turn out a bang-up program. They hung on, doing their best. The Burlington Liars' Club crowned Jim the champ liar and people read of it and tuned in out of curiosity and formed the Fibber McGee-and-Molly habit.

Don Quinn eased off on the "rube" characterization and made Fibber a mild and likable blowhard, an incurable tinkerer; converted Molly into a less shrewish, more witty and lovable wife. Molly and Fibber began to be more like you and me. Average understandable people who also take clocks apart and fail to get them together again, who have double-chime doorbells, who know the noises of vacuum cleaners and washing machines.

Into the script—and the McGee living room—popped such amusing characters as Teeny, the little "I betcha" girl, played by Molly; Old-Timer, the "that ain't the way I heard it" codger, Nick Depopolus, mangler of the English language still to be found in the small-town candy-and-soda store, and Wallace Wimple, the aggrieved gent with the Amazonian wife—all played by Bill Thompson, the man with the double-jointed voice. Mrs. Abigail Uppington, the small-town busybody with whom Fibber trades verbal punches, is likewise a familiar caricature on the



Molly and "Dearie." Married pals since 1918. Together in radio since 1931.

American horizon. And today Don Quinn's scripts have well rounded stories, deft human touches, rapier and pile-driver humor, and tight whiplash endings.

Faith and hard work did the trick. Fibber McGee and Molly caught on with dizzying speed and success tumbled down upon Jim and Marion Jordan like an avalanche from Fibber's untended hall closet.

And success, when it hits you in a golden flood in your forties, when it cascades down like water from a broken dam after years of struggling and scrimping and saving and praying, can be even more disconcerting than failure.

It hit Marion that way. She'd fought gamely through the nightmare of tank towns and cold dressing rooms and split weeks and having a place for every penny they earned. But suddenly having more money than she could spend, becoming wealthy and important and famous almost overnight was too much. She fainted one night at the end of a broadcast. For nearly two seasons Don and Jim and the old friends of their Chicago days who were in the cast: Bill Thompson and Isabel Randolph (Uppy) and Harlow Wilcox (the announcer) and Billy Mills (the orchestra conductor) and Hal Peary (the Great Gildersleeve) kept the show climbing.

Today Jim and Marion live in Encino, California, in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood, where Jim Jordan is actually—and seriously—president of the Chamber of Commerce. Their eight-room bungalow, by a Hollywood yardstick, is unpretentious, though it cost fifty or sixty thousand complete with swimming pool.

Nor is the swimming pool a pretention. It happens that Jim Jordan, Jr.—who is seventeen—is an excellent and enthusiastic swimmer. Kay, their twenty-one-year-old daughter, recently auditioned under another name and won herself a part on a radio serial.

On ranches around them live the

friends of their bread-and-sometimes-butter days of Chicago: Don Quinn; members of the cast; Don Ameche, who lived near them in Chicago. Their old friends are their closest.

Jim and Marion do not like the story that is really one of their finest tributes. It is this: When they first hit the big money they were living in a house in Chicago which they rented for seventy dollars a month. They bought the vacant lot next door and built a virtual duplicate of that house. They could not visualize the need for more. Whether they care for that story or not, it is true—a refreshing story in a theater of glitter and sham.

Jim, for all his years of singing, has never formally unleashed his baritone on the Fibber McGee and Molly program. The script doesn't call for it.

Several years ago he did sing a formal song, though. And—because he has kindness and quick deep sympathies stirring within him—he nearly broke down as he sang. Don Quinn and his wife were driving out to the Coast to occupy a new house they had built not far from Jim and Marion's. Quinn's car overturned. His wife was killed. Jim Jordan, in Chicago at the time of the tragedy, hurried out to the Coast, where funeral services were being held, to be with Don—and to sing, at Don's wife's funeral, her favorite song.

This, then, is the stuff of which Fibber McGee and Molly, who make you laugh on Tuesday nights, are made; the deep, rich, earthy stuff of which America is made.

They're at the top now—Jim, Marion, and Don Quinn. And they'll be there a long time, for they've built on a bedrock that the average guy understands. The guy who chuckles when the junk falls out of Fibber's closet—and gets hit on the head when he opens his own closet door.

And how about that closet, Fibber? It's become a national scandal. What if there should be an air raid? And you an air-raid warden!

Take it, McGee!

THE END



TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

★ "SURE, grow all the vegetables you can in your yard this summer," says Andrew Wing, chairman of the government's Victory Garden Committee, "but don't give up your lawns and flower beds for peas and potatoes. Combine 'em. Pretty flowers aren't snobbish—they'll share a bed with vegetables—and their decorative gaiety is useful in maintaining home morale." . . . Editor of *Garden Digest*, born and raised on an Ohio farm, Mr. Wing is a veteran gardener. Working with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, his committee advises garden fans how best to aid defense, the project being part of our general drive to improve national health through increased nutrition. Vitamin vegetables grown most easily in small home gardens, he told me, are radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, string beans, carrots, bush squash, beets. Broccoli is more practical than cabbage. Plant sweet corn if you have land enough, and for Southern states add kale, collards, turnip tops, or mustard greens. In cities, employ sunny window boxes

for cultivating mint, parsley, chives, etc.; herbs are good for your vitality. . . . A tough job, it's feared, will be persuading big-scale farmers, such as wheat or dairy specialists, to do kitchen gardening for themselves, since they seem to scorn it as mere *women's work*! Mr. Wing expects women to play a leading role as Victory gardeners, through local garden clubs, where instructive literature will be distributed. I asked him to define the term, Victory Garden. "Any garden," he said, "that helps win the war."

★ ON the subject of growing things, here's a true-life story about a well known musician (mustn't whisper his name) who recently was obliged to get rid of an infatuated schoolgirl by letting her see his toupee fall off. Couldn't shake the fool kid otherwise, and his real love was violently jealous. It was she who insisted on the wig trick. Trouble was, he owned a thick crop of genuine hair, which he had to have shaved close to his skull to pretend baldheadedness. No concerts until his hair grows long. Can't wear the toupee over stubble!

★ THIS *Spring Garden Chicken* makes a fine party dinner for four, and takes less than an hour to prepare: . . . Have a 2½-pound bird cut in 4 pieces. Season with salt, pepper, paprika. Roll in flour. Brown lightly in pan with 2 tablespoons butter, then cover pan and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Take chicken out. In same pan braise ½ pound sliced mushrooms a few moments with 6 chopped scallions. Put chicken back in, along with 1½ cups cooked green peas and 1½ cups thin cream sauce. Cover and simmer 30 minutes over low flame. Lay pieces chicken on large platter; surround with little new potatoes freshly boiled. Add 1 tablespoon cream to sauce and pour over chicken. Sprinkle generously with minced parsley. Serve with hot biscuits and an avocado-pimento salad.

★ COME in out of the garden now and meet Frances Downing, who scouts the country from coast to coast in search of grocery novelties for a big department store. She didn't think California's pale blue pickled eggs would be popular, but they fooled her. Hostesses admire their color effect in a shrimp salad, and they taste good too. . . . Here are some random notes collected by Mrs. Downing: Katharine Hepburn likes almost anything sweet if it has currants in it. . . . As shoppers, Henry Ford and all his family object to the bargain bait of off-the-dollar prices such as 97 cents or \$1.98, preferring to pay \$1 or \$2 flat. . . . Boys in camp generally welcome presents of crackers, cheese, and preserves; but screen star Jimmy Stewart, now a soldier, would rather have Scotch shortcake. That's his favorite treat.

★ REAL-LIFE problems bring even the most modern daughters back to ma and pa for help. That's the heart-warming theme of Henry and Sylvia Lieferant's new novel, *They Always Come Home*. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

★ WHILE the *Normandie* blazed at a Manhattan pier, I thought sadly of her first America-to-Europe voyage, seven years ago, on which I occupied D Deck cabin 619, next door to Walt and Lillian Disney in 617. We had great fun together and have often talked of it. As I sat recollecting those good times, my phone rang. Lillian Disney's voice: "I've just arrived in New York," she said. "From my hotel window I can see the *Normandie* burning. I called you up because I'd rather talk about our trip again—than watch."

★ NEWSPAPER photographers are reputedly hard-boiled; and young Junior League ladies are allegedly mindful of manners on formal occasions; yet at a recent society wedding I heard a news photographer say to the satin-gowned bride, complete with veil and bouquet: "Hi, miss—madam—girlie! Quit chewing that gum so hard while I get your picture!"

WHEN BOMBERS COME

Continued from Page 11

of central authority, some sort of national pattern of civilian defense. As national director of OCD, however, I have no authority to issue orders to the volunteers at the base of the structure. I might sit here and issue an order to New York City or Terre Haute, Indiana. It might be needed very badly, but the municipal organizations or their subdivisions need not pay the slightest attention to me.

"We must have a responsible command in OCD national headquarters. Not as rigid a command as in the army, certainly; the very nature of the task would forbid that. We will give suggestions, and will make dead sure that they are sensible and needed and adjustable to the individual communities. In a volunteer organization the people will respond eagerly to intelligent suggestions when they might well resent orders. Besides, we can't issue ironclad orders that will apply equally to New York or Chicago or to Santa Fe or Higgins' Beach.

"Welding civilian defense into a comprehensive, cohesive organization can be done through realization by each person that he is part of a community, that his community is part of a larger neighborhood, all merging into one great nation."

As to putting OCD into semimilitary status within the authority of the War Department, Landis believes that "we would be very foolish indeed not to use all of the expert advice the army has to offer," but that civilian defense can and should be managed by the people themselves. "There is," he says, "the fundamental impulse of the American to run the country's affairs on Lincoln's definition as far as possible—'of the people, by the people, for the people'—and civilian defense is eminently that.

"Under the OCD set-up the country is divided into nine regions, nine groups of states. Federal authority goes just that far. From there the state governments pick up, and the governors' authority stops at the city or county organizations, in turn. Thus there are two breaks in the line of command, with the local defense councils actually under home rule. Yet it is the responsibility of OCD's central headquarters to create and maintain an efficient civilian defense organization, just as it is the responsibility of the local units to keep themselves up to the mark. It is a democratic system, depending for success upon co-operation, but the ultimate authority and the responsibility that goes with it are at the bottom."

"What about the nonprotective functions of OCD, Dean Landis? Most of the controversies over the organization center upon those activities—or suggested activities," I said. "I myself can see that it might be very important to have trained recreational directors available, and my British friends tell me of the important work the traveling orchestras and enter-

NOTES TO THE COOK WHO'S IN A RUT!

Lift Your Menus Out Of The Doldrums By Adding To Your Old Recipes—And New Ones, Too—Plenty Of Zesty Heinz Tomato Ketchup!

MEAT LOAF GOES MODERN!

That Old Family Standby, meat loaf, has marvelous new flavor—and plenty of appeal—when enriched with spicy Heinz Tomato Ketchup! Into your favorite recipe, mix about a third of a cupful of this tangy sauce. You'll be simply delighted with the results!



EGG DISHES CAN BE DIFFERENT!

Omelets Click With Everybody if you add a lively touch of Heinz Ketchup! And for a quick-to-fix treat, arrange corned beef in a buttered casserole—spread generously with Heinz Ketchup—drop egg in center—cover—bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes!



Cooked From Heinz "Aristocrat" Tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar, Choice Spices, Heinz Tomato Ketchup Makes Good Food Taste Even Better!

As a zippy table sauce for steaks, a cold cuts and chops, or a cook's short cut to tastier dishes, old-fashioned Heinz Tomato Ketchup can't be beat! Order a bottle or two! Enliven *your* meals with this famous flavor that's never been successfully imitated!

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

KETCHUP PEPS UP COOKING



YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly **FIRST** choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



Don't Gamble Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries— Cuts, Burns

Scratches or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works three ways: Combats infection; stimulates healing; quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50¢ at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

YOU CAN!

CONTROL YOUR FATE

Only one power controls your destiny—a strange force sleeping in your mind. Awaken it! Command it to obey you! Push obstacles aside and attain your fondest hopes and ideals. The Rosicrucians know how.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Learn why great masters through the ages were Rosicrucians. Free booklet tells the fascinating story of this age old Fraternity and how to obtain its priceless teachings. Write to: Scribe T. I. Z.

THE ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin

To soothe itching, burning skin, apply medicated liquid ZEMO—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years continuous success! For ringworm symptoms, eczema, athlete's foot or blemishes due to external cause, apply ZEMO freely. Soon the discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. One trial convinces. Only 35¢. Also 60¢ and \$1.00.

ZEMO

STOP CORN MISERY!

Noted Doctor's Relief Does It Fast!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate Medications included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Telling the congressmen what was being done for civilian morale were Landis and Paul McNutt, with Mrs. Roosevelt.

tainment groups have done to keep up civilian morale under the blitz."

"It may come to the point where we will have to hire bands to tour the country, as in England," Landis said with a smile; "but I'd rather not see that sort of thing mixed with our job. Certainly bands do not belong in the category of major matters for OCD attention today.

"I would rather do a limited job well than a broad one poorly, and that is why I think it important that OCD limit its efforts to the major matters. You are thinking about the ruckus that was raised over dancing teachers and the like. Well, I have transferred the so-called physical fitness division of OCD to the Office of Defense Health and Welfare, and I am getting ready to pare off other activities which are not sufficiently vital at this juncture to justify expenditure of our time and energy.

"But civilian defense entails many things besides protecting people from bombs. We have to build up a general toughness of spirit in our people. We Americans must be joyously tough, like the Anzacs who went into battle singing *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*

"OCD has not yet developed concretely enough or comprehensively enough the kind of things people ought to be doing beyond physical precautions against air raids. We have, bluntly speaking, damned important work to do. I had a talk with Julian Huxley this morning. He said the English children had to endure unnecessary hardship because the civilian defense set-up had neglected to provide for feeding children in schools. They didn't come to that until well after the war had started.

"Perhaps—speaking of schools—we can utilize the vocational schools and the manual training classes in public schools in the OCD program by having the children make stretchers and medicine cabinets for first-aid centers, instead of the gadgets they turn out in the normal course.

"Men and women in all parts of the country—not just those that are the mostly likely bombing targets—want to engage in war activity. Certainly we are not going to say that there is nothing for them to do. In any com-

munity where there has been any dislocation as a result of our all-out war effort there is real need for organized volunteer work every day of the year. And I don't know of any community, rural or urban, which has not been or will not soon be so affected. In this work the people will supply the will, and it is the duty of OCD and its affiliated state and local boards to show the way."

"What about federal subsidies for nonprotective branches of OCD?" I asked. "The recent Senate hearings sounded discouraging on that aspect."

"Congress voted us a substantial sum for civilian gas masks, fire-fighting apparatus, and other needed equipment," Landis replied. "We will seek additional funds for necessary precautionary work. It is possible Congress will agree to vote compensation for injury and property damage caused by enemy action.

"I am trying to obtain federal funds for the creation of civilian blood banks. That, I think, is an essential, and is badly needed in peacetimes as well as during war, anywhere that a possibility exists of accidents happening to numbers of persons all at once. If such funds are provided, we shall see that local hospitals live up to certain uniform high standards, and particularly that they work together, which isn't always the case now.

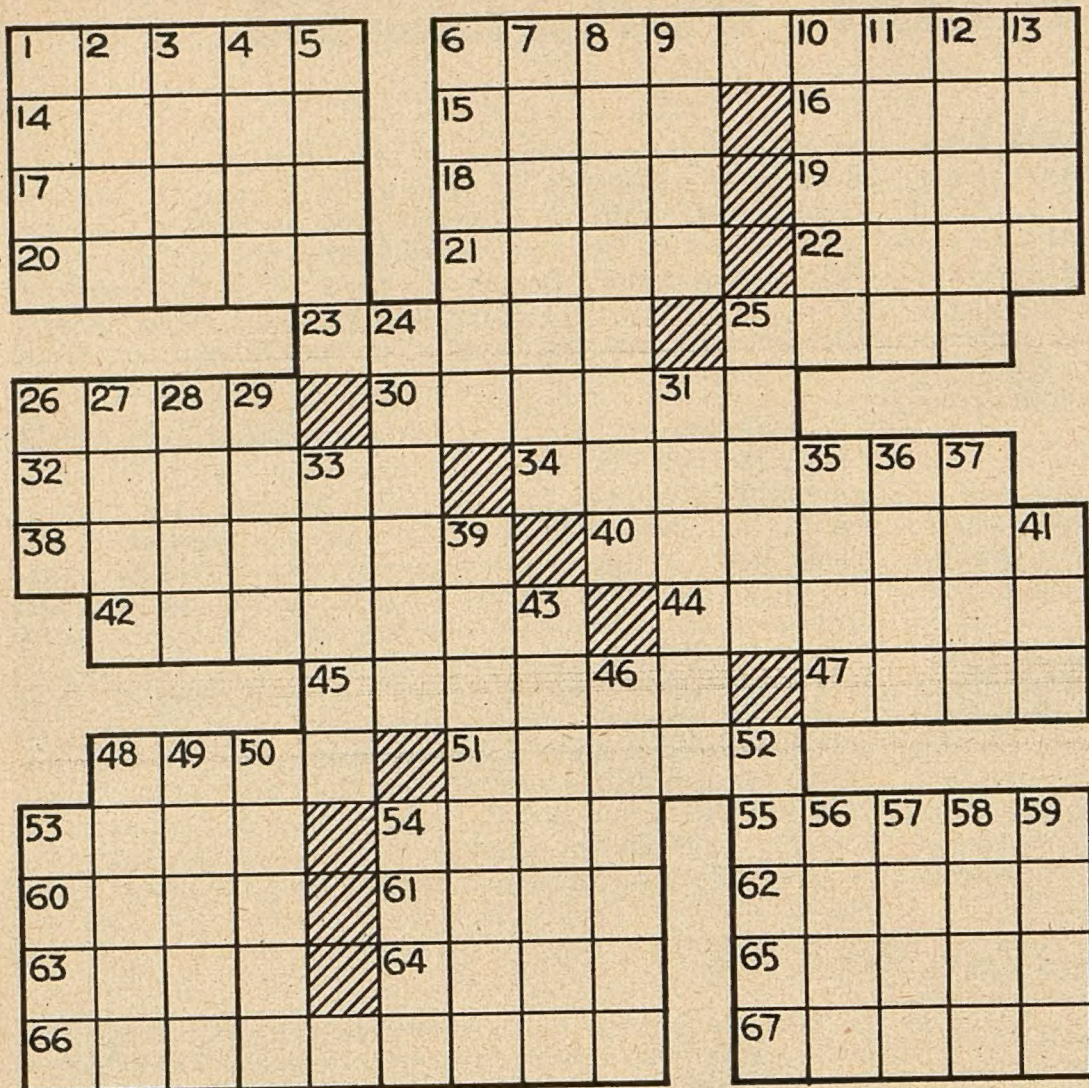
"And, finally, there will be less and less preaching and more and more doing. Mere emotional appeals may stir up enthusiasm, but it doesn't last; it can't.

"People who are spending time and effort working concretely to prepare themselves for attack won't have much doubt about the importance of the community's war effort, or the nation's. I can say that the best results in Civilian Defense organizations have been obtained in cities of less than 10,000 population, where the neighborhood spirit is strong. It is spreading fast. And when the people of the United States learn that they are all neighbors, all members of one huge community, then OCD will have done a hugely important job even if no bomb ever falls on our soil. And if bombs do fall, it will be on a line of defense that no enemy can shatter."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 That elastic, comfy feeling we'd all like to feel in cars but what the Japs keep us from being
- 6 This'll take place just three days from next Sunday
- 14 Germany's stepchild
- 15 Bitter stuff for the puzzled people
- 16 Russian city
- 17 M minus DCXLIX
- 18 Pleads on the mental knees
- 19 ealp gnirkrap 'srevoL
- 20 Abbott: Costello :: Gallagher: ?
- 21 Eight for Adolf
- 22 What the role said to the actor (not eat me)
- 23 What the lion ate the keeper with (not mustard)
- 25 Tony's pearl-eating girl friend
- 26 World's champion sawbones
- 30 Brown feather duster with voice attachment
- 32 Cootie nest for heavily armed Cherman soldiers
- 34 Genius on the hoof
- 38 Beefed mentally; replanted the cone bearers
- 40 Time for the dames to recap and retread the carcass even if the old attires aren't even worn (pl.)
- 42 Something one woman gives another to keep (two words)
- 44 Kind of weenie
- 45 This is not on the level
- 47 French mountain
- 48 Makes air-cooled calico
- 51 You'll always find it on an outang
- 53 Guy who drinks it from the barrel

LAP MOT NOR
ANODE OPERA
PARAPET
AT MITER HE
ROD TOR GAR
ONES N PELO
SAL LED NOD
ELITE OBESE
VAN SIR
AMEND ENATE
PAR SAD TOP
ANEW L HERO
COD ROC DUD
EN DONOR PE
LOBELIN
UNITE OMEGA
POT DIN BOS

Last
week's
answer

- 54 Lovable little rug dampeners; you sure can make a clean-up after them
- 55 Kind of blitzful transit enjoyed on the New York snubway
- 60 Unki's sisti
- 61 I can find a lot of these for a dollar
- 62 A hoist-by-your-own-petard
- 63 Kind of man marriage to Hitler has made Mussy
- 64 What George Eliot strung along with Adam
- 65 What Japan wants of the world
- 66 Guy who never got out of college
- 67 Et good

VERTICAL

- 1 Nervous pendulum swings
- 2 Scratch under the Kentucky Derby
- 3 This is allegedly human, and now rushing to exterminate itself
- 4 Female end of a non-Semitic Arab
- 5 Kicking the bucket
- 6 Blue River
- 7 Most shocking gal in Greek literature

- 8 Dad's place in the household
- 9 This contains machine gunners who make Japs soar when they start bataan them out
- 10 Take things lightly
- 11 Mr. Dumb
- 12 Old-time Bataan
- 13 New England noodle factory
- 24 Opens the front flue and lets the wind out
- 25 After a lusty one, she usually nabs him
- 26 Who keeps Par at par?
- 27 Göring covers a lot of this
- 28 Lyttle devyls
- 29 Read
- 31 New York City island
- 33 First victims of South American invasion
- 35 A thing
- 36 Where you promise to hate, dishonor, and disobey
- 37 There was no wearin' of the grin when Americans landed here
- 39 When his army does this, how can Hitler tell the vermin from the German?
- 41 Down 1,000
- 43 Tin fish
- 46 He has the heavens
- 48 A Brooklyn fish
- 49 A starry beginning
- 50 He takes things lightly
- 52 What lugs carry
- 53 Cyclops saw by one
- 54 British armchair Admiralty Headquarters
- 56 Ice cream at the opera
- 57 He swings a mean laureate
- 58 That Man from Hollywood
- 59 What the blonde did when she grew older

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

APRIL 18, 1942

Will your Scalp
stand the
Fingernail Test?



SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use *Wildroot-with-Oil*. The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure vegetable oil that grooms without grease...



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of *Wildroot-with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair...relieves dryness...removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT with OIL

3 action
**FOR GOOD
LOOKING HAIR**



JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FOR THE FIRST TIME, the legend "10¢" appears on this week's Liberty cover. Frankly, we don't like seeing it there, but it is one of the things the war has made inevitable. No doubt you are aware that for many years the magazine has been coming to you at much less than it has cost to produce it. No one could make a magazine like Liberty with an expenditure of as little as five cents a copy. What has made this price possible, of course, is revenue from advertising.

Now priorities are forcing some advertisers out of print. Manufacturers whose goods were sold to you are making tanks and guns and planes. At the same time publishers, in common with all manufacturers, are faced with greatly increased prices. Paper, printing, ink—everything costs more. That is the situation in a nutshell.

We promise to make the ten-cent Liberty a better magazine. At a ten-cent price, we can. We shall bring more of the best author-names into the book than ever before. We shall search more diligently than ever for the things that are of the greatest interest to the greatest number of people. We have been proud of a phrase some of you have been using—"the biggest nickel's worth in America." We propose to change that by only two words, and make it "the best dime's worth in America."

LIKE TOPSY IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, some stories aren't born—they just grow. A member of Liberty's editorial staff came in gravely the other day and reported with relish something a friend of his daughter said she had seen and heard. A loud-voiced woman with a German accent, she related, was bragging to a companion that her husband was coining money in defense work. "I hope the war lasts ten years," she proclaimed. Whereupon a man stepped up and slapped her in the face. "That," he said, "is for my boy who was killed at Pearl Harbor." Another slap. "That's for my boy who is in the army." Then the man quietly subsided.

The editorial assistant sometimes writes fiction, and seeks inspiration for it in real life. This, he vowed, was good—and he sat down that evening to weave the episode into a short short story. Alas, the next morning brought a letter to Vox Pop from Ogden, Utah, mailed some days before, telling the identical tale and describing the occurrence as having taken place there!

No one knows how such stories originate, but they do get around. A recent issue of The Reader's Digest, under the heading Who Wrote This? published a tale of a woman who demonstrated her self-control by letting a cobra crawl across her foot without moving or screaming. The contributor said she had heard it in India. Who wrote it? Well, one answer is that it was a Liberty short short, entitled Control, in the issue of June 6, 1931. . . . Some years ago there was a charming story of a little boy who promised the Christ child a ride around the block if he got a red wagon for Christmas. That was offered Liberty in a number of supposedly original fiction forms. In at least one other publication it got prominently into print, signed by an eminent author. . . . And there is a story of a fur coat and a pawn ticket. Down through the years, upward of a hundred authors have offered us that. The moral seems to be that, if writers of fiction want to avoid the suspicion of plagiarism, they'd better make up their stories out of their minds.

LIBERTY WELCOMES WALTER DURANTY this week as a first-time contributor to its pages. He was a foreign correspondent for the New York Times for a

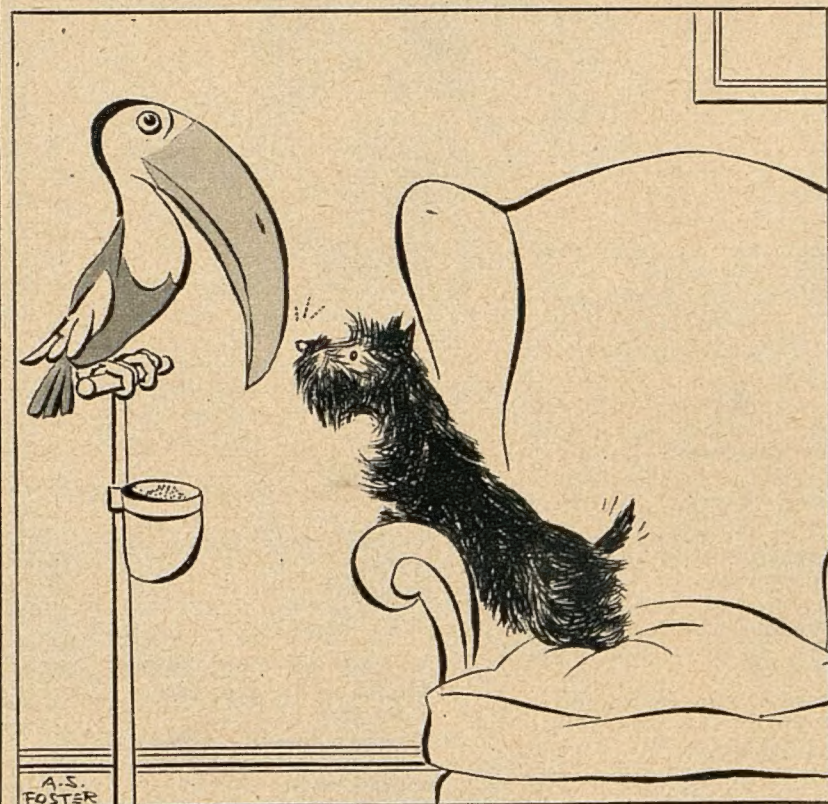
number of years, beginning in 1921, during which time he became an authority on Russia. He knows Sir Stafford Cripps well, both as a person and as Britain's former Ambassador to Russia; the brilliant article on this rising Englishman which begins on page 20 is the result of firsthand observation. Mr. Duranty's most recent book is The Kremlin and the People; his best known is I Write as I Please.

A LETTER TO OUR PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN:
"Dear Ma'am: This is the first time I ever wrote a famous person. I am a sailor on a tanker delivering oil to defense bases. Just now in the hospital with a busted arm. This place been in the news recently. Anyway, while gazing out at the same thing I been looking at for 25 years, the ocean, some thoughtful Ladies Aid here loaded us up with magazines. Only some one who has been laid up like this could really appreciate such a treat. And on ships now, with no radio and blackout, you could not imagine just how sailors enjoy a good magazine in their off time. And with conditions like now, seldom does a ship make port without a few hospital cases. In New York there is the Merchant Marine Library at 45 Broadway, that tries to get reading material to sailors. I am wondering if you could maybe remind some of your friends how much we would appreciate their books and magazines when they finish them.
ROLAND DAWSON."

"This place been in the news recently" is right! The letter came from Aruba, Netherlands West Indies, which the Germans have been shelling.

The Editors

FALA



"Relations with Guatemala have never been better!"

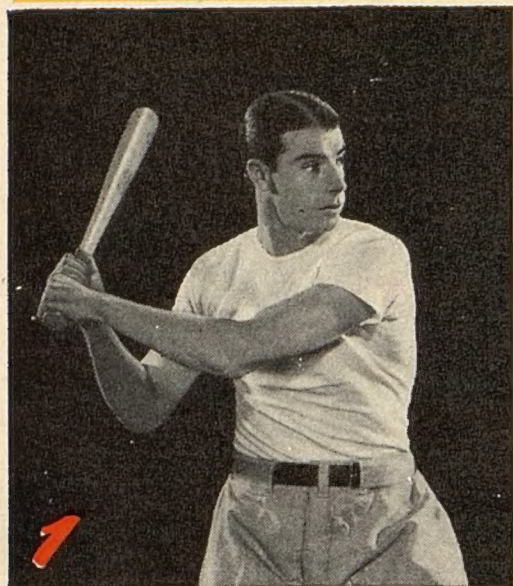
★ ★ ★ ★ TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6 ★ ★ ★ ★

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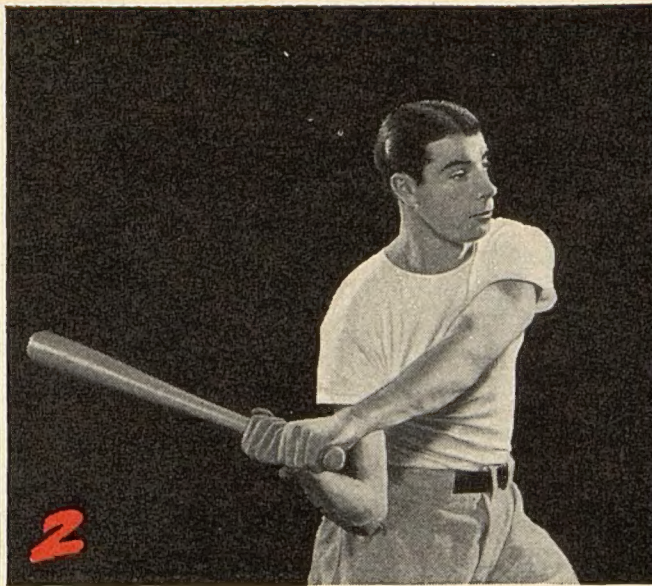
THIS IS THE ONLY YEAST WITH ALL THESE VITAMINS

JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

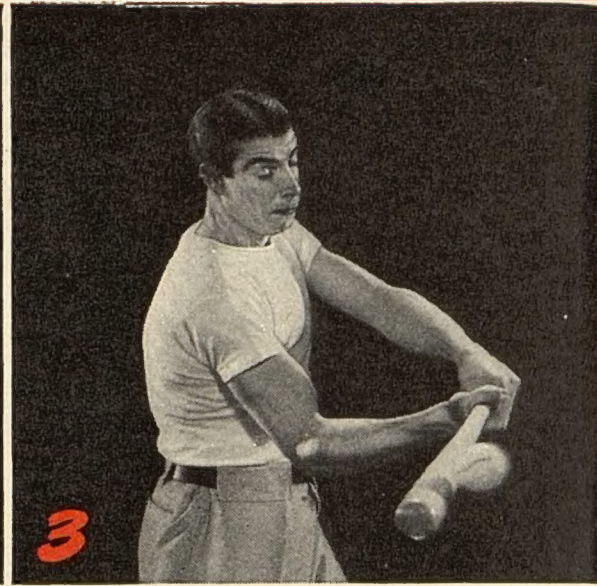
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



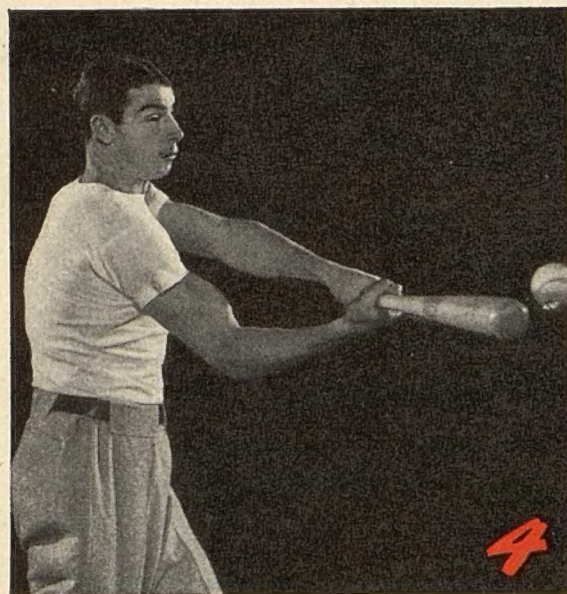
DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...



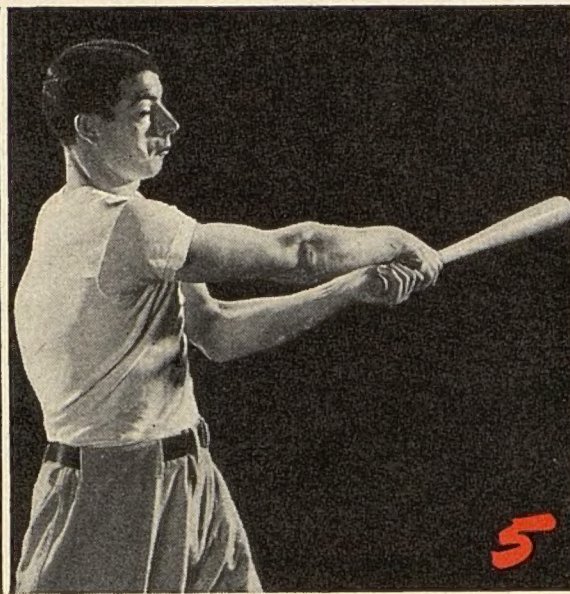
He starts that devastating swing...



Squarely...solidly...bat meets ball.



With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED
CAMELS
FOR 8 YEARS.
THEY HAVE THE
MILDNESS THAT
COUNTS WITH
ME

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE



than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS